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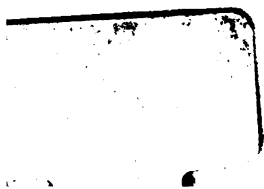
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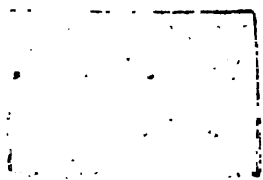
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CITYMES
FOR THE
TIMES



PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY

28 Ap 05





HENRY M. EDMISTON.

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RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY

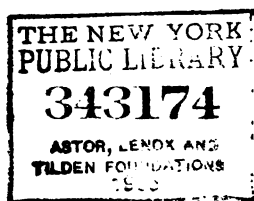
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New York City.

DEDICATION.

MY WIFE, ANNIE,
HAS BEEN MY INSPIRATION.
IF THERE IS ANY GOOD IN THESE RHYMES
IT IS DUE TO HER INFLUENCE,
AND TO HER I DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME.

PREFACE.

—o—

In placing these rhymes before the public, it is with a sincere desire to arouse thought in the brains of the people who do not THINK.

To people who accept and believe everything on faith, these rhymes may shock or jar them into thought.

They are sent forth (as bread cast upon the water) and some hungry spirit may find comfort and consolation by eating thereof.

HENRY M. EDMISTON.



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WHAT IS SUCCESS?

—O—

What is Success? Is it to gain
 A treasure vast upon this plain,
 Like the kings divine, born to reign
 By God's command?
 Is it to gain ambition's goal,
 To have your name on honor's scroll
 To last while seas and oceans roll
 Upon the land?
 Is it to win a hero's fame,
 As the chief butcher in war's game,
 To murder, mangle and to maim,
 At greed's command?

What is Success? Is it to own
 Some wretched slaves whose flesh and bone,
 Beneath the lash quiver and groan
 At your behest?
 Is it to rule a nation great,
 Vile parasites to elevate
 To posts of honor in the State,
 To cause distress?
 Is it to trample down the weak
 To help you reach the mountain peak,
 With lying lips to falsely speak
 Of the oppressed?

What is Success? It is to be
 A helper to humanity,
 From superstition to be free—
 To lead the blind?
 It is to love thyself the last,
 To share with others what thou hast—
 Thy bread upon the waters cast
 For men to find?
 It is to conquer selfish greed,
 Brotherly love thy only creed,
 So will thy spirit upward speed
 Unconfined?



FAILURES.

—o—

Be not dismayed by failure
 But bear them well in mind.
 They form our life's experiences
 And individualize mankind;
 They form the steps of progress
 That all who rise must climb
 To gain the greater horizon
 Obtained from heights sublime.

Do not despair should failures
 Appear to be your bane,
 But remember when the storm is past
 The sun shines forth again.
 Then concentrate your energies
 And resolve to persevere;
 When you learn you are the master
 Your victories will appear.

VESTED RIGHTS.

—O—

From whence, from whom, from heaven or hell,
From God or Devil, will someone tell?

Produce your deeds from Nature's hand,
That gives the right to own the land.
Methinks 'tis might and power of gold
That gives the title to lands unsold.
'Tis a lie most base claiming Mother Earth
Has robbed her children e'er their birth.

Those vested rights since imbued with life,
Have kept the race in deadly strife.

They saw the light when barbarous man
Sought social needs and formed a clan.
'Twas then that might upreared a throne,
By right of might with strongest bone.
Then ruled the men and claimed the land,
As King Divine by God's command.

He kept the men in constant dread—
When one rebelled he was "found dead"—
This brawny knave, with selfish greed,
Was of Royal Kings the potent seed.
As years passed on his power increased,
While rights of simples always decreased;
He owned much land and slaves as well,
And established on earth our living hell.

Succeeding nations adored the brand
Of the original thief who stole the land.
 They loved to wallow in filth and pain,
 And murdered each other for master's gain;
Their mental state kept below the brutes,
By thieving knaves the earth pollutes.
 Such honors divine should impress the masses,
 With a feeling of pity that our fathers were
 asses.

Again other nations passed from sight,
Who blossomed, bloomed, then suffered blight.
 They adopted laws of men long dead,
 Nor would they try new paths to tread.
Traditions, customs and superstitions reigned,
And the common herd were left untrained;
 While the Kings Divine had treasures vast,
 The slaving masses were obliged to fast.

Yet we need not boast—we follow their lead—
We have the plutes of the thieving breed;
 We are too smart to have Kings Divine,
 Yet parasites bleed us and sip the wine.
Our land is free—there is no doubt—
For our slaves and paupers voice it out.
 We lead the band whene'er it plays,
 And hoist Old Glory on holidays.

WE ARE ONE.

—O—

We must do the best we can,
 Always toiling in the van,
 To uplift our fellow-man
 To higher plane;
 We must let the sunshine out,
 Shedding brightness all about,
 As we tour this earthly route
 To goodness gain.
 We must lend a helping hand
 To the weak who cannot stand;
 We are members of one band,
 A living chain.

Life is like an endless sea,
 Bearing us unceasingly
 To one common destiny,
 An ideal goal;
 As you struggle with the tide,
 Help the brother at your side,
 Love will prove a potent guide
 To lead the soul.
 Shoals and rapids here we find,
 Snares and pitfalls catch the blind,
 Reason elevates mankind
 Above the mole.

Help to make life's journey sweet,
Smooth the path for stumbling feet,
Have a smile for those you meet

Upon the way.

Mortal life is but a span
In Dames Nature's subtle plan
To evolve the soul of man

Above the clay.

Let the love within you glow
Warm as sunshine, pure as snow,
Clear as crystal let it flow—

It will repay.

Human life should not be drear,
Sunshine makes the darkness clear,
Sympathy is very dear

When we despond.

Life on earth should be a dream
Brighter than the sunshine's gleam
Floating on a waveless stream

To the beyond.

We are germs of the divine—
Tendrils of the living vine
Clinging to a mystic shrine
With hope most fond.

AIR CASTLES OF YOUTH.

—O—

More dazzling than jewels that flash in the sun,
Are the visions of youth on life's horizon;
The air castles we build reach high in the skies,
And rival in splendor the clouds at sunrise.
They give us great pleasure and life is a dream,
In fancy we glide on a rippleless stream
It flows through a garden of endless delight,
And no shadows appear to darken the light.

As the years onward roll the vision doth change,
We view in perspective a vast mountain range;
Its glittering crest is humanity's goal,
The perpetual right of each human soul.
The ascent is toilsome the distance is great,
But the ignorant soul will gain its estate;
We wander astray in the wilderness vast
But time for repentance will never be past.

The charming castles which in childhood we spun
Have faded from view like the gleam of the sun;
When youth grows to age and the years bring
decay,

Our forms like air castles, will vanish away.
'Tis the good work we do survives our demise;
It is the sole pass-word to gain paradise;
Love is the great lever to uplift the race,
To make mother earth a heavenly place.

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

—o—

Who are the dead? Not those of earth,
Who leave the form of transient worth,
To enter into higher birth—
They are not dead.

The spirit lives to make progress
In larger spheres of usefulness,
To help mankind to happiness
By doing good.

Invisible to human eyes,
The spirit world around us lies—
Find in thyself God's paradise—
It is within.

Who are the dead? 'Tis those whose mind
Can find no goodness in mankind,
To human wrongs are always blind;
They do not see.

They're driftwood on life's pulsing sea,
Parasites on humanity,
The vile vampires of industry—
A transient blight.

They are the men whose God is gold,
Who steal the blood of young and old,

Whose germ of love does not unfold—
They are the dead.

Who are the dead? 'Tis those we meet,
Within whose heart there is no beat
Responsive to the pure and sweet,
While in the form.

They are the souls in slumber fast,
Who live in scenes long ages past,
In fossil state of ancient cast
To be reformed.

They are the souls who don't aspire—
They find on earth all they desire,
Nor seek to know of realms higher—
They are the dead.



TRANSITION.

—o—

There is no death, the blazing sun
Sinks 'neath the crimson horizon
To shine upon another shore
Till its allotted time is o'er;
To reappear at dawn of day,
When the bright stars all fade away,
To fill with light the day new-born
The face of nature to adorn.

Man like the sun will disappear.
To make progress on higher sphere;
Man shuffles off this mortal coil,

Freed from all pain and earthly toil.
The form of clay to earth remains,
To larger life the soul attains;
But as spirit spheres interblend
We still can trace a spirit friend.

Clairvoyant eyes pierce thro' the mist
To where our spirit friends exist;
The border land of which we dream
Is nearer than we sometimes deem.
It is the plane where friends abide
Who tho unseen glide at our side;
They haunt the places they love best,
Their influence brings peace and rest.

When in the silence we retire
With hope, the truth will us inspire;
We sense the forms of friends unseen,
Or spirit friends behind the screen;
They visit friends within the home,
Stalk at our side when e'er we roam,
Subtle as thought, silent as night,
To impress man to live aright.

THE SPIRIT WORLD.



There is a spirit world beyond our ken,
Where life continues after earthly death,
Its portals open at our parting breath,
And the living spirit is born again
Upon a higher plane. There live the men
Who once were mortals on the earth beneath,
And have outworn the mortal form or sheath
Which cannot enter the gate of heaven.
There we will seek in vain a great white throne,
And a lowly Jesus acting as God,
Rendering judgment on the new-born soul;
But we shall find our conscience is alone
The judge reviewing the path we've trod
Its moral trend determining its goal.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.



The crime of crimes men still commit,
The law of life men violate.
In ignorance we still permit
Vile fiendish murder by the State.
In ancient legends we have read:
"Take eye for eye and tooth for tooth."

Dense superstition rears its head
Above the prostrate form of truth.

Revenge on men who wrong have done
Is not the spirit of the law.
Truth glows upon the horizon
Brighter than Moses ever saw.
The right to kill does not inhere
In any man or government.
Intelligence makes truth more clear;
Man's spirit needs development.

It is the creed-bound narrow soul
That loves to spill a brother's blood.
Mankind are parts of one vast whole,
One universal brotherhood.
Truth does not live in man-made creeds;
It dwells within each human breast;
It moves the hands to kindly deeds,
To aid the poor and the oppressed.

Denounce the laws which sanction crime,
Ye pious men, without delay;
Discard the myths of olden time—
Intelligence guides man to-day.
Thou shalt not kill—thus saith the law;
Restrain and teach the weaker soul—
To human creatures without flaw,
For step by step we reach the goal.

HOW WE ARE BUNCOED.

—o—

The people are dreaming—awake them from
slumber!

The Trusts and Monopolists are looting the
till.

Oh! where is brave Freddy, the man who ne'er
blunders—

The chief of sightseers who viewed Juan Hill?
Oh! list to the plaint of the Ship Trust stock-
holders,

The poor innocent lambs who dabbled in
stocks.

The fraud so transparent amazes beholders
And is clear as mud to our guardian, old
Knox.

Oh! hark to the cries of the victims who trusted
The piratical gang who organized steel.

Their hope of vast fortunes like bubbles have
busted;

They knew not the trick was a financial mis-
deal.

Oh! where is old Knox, the great hero who
slumbers

Amidst the great hubbub and fierce curse of
rage?

Right bower of Freddy, who is a back number,
The most strenuous humbug that graces the
age.

The schemes of 'great men are to swindle the
people—

The wage-earning masses who saved a few
dimes;

But seldom is heard in the house with a steeple
The voice of a minister denouncing such
crimes.

Political grafters are after the boodle,
The laws for protection are a farce in man's
sight;

And the glorious strains of old Yankee Doodle
So enthuses the asses that might become
right.



THE WAY TO LIVE.

—O—

A loving word, how small the cost,
We miss it not, it is not lost,
It will return an hundred fold,
More precious far than gems or gold.
Then speak it now to friends you meet;
Time steals away on silent feet;
Time ne'er returns, it onward rolls,
Keeping the record of our souls.

The friendly deed when kindly done,
Brings sunshine to the wretched one.
Love is a ray of the divine,

The spirit of the parent vine,
 Love vivifies the dormant seed
 Hidden from sight by worthless deed.
 Love is the subtle cord that binds
 In one vast whole all living kinds.

Speak now the word and do the deed
 To satisfy thy brother's need;
 Assist the poor when in distress,
 It is the way to happiness.
 Help to increase the widow's mite,
 To make her heavy burdens light.
 Begin at once, do not delay
 To do your duty day by day.



REMOVE YOUR BROTHER'S BURDEN.



Remove your brother's burden
 To relationship give heed,
 It matters not his color
 Our father gives the seed.
 Unbind the chains that fetter
 And always keep them down,
 The white skin is no better
 Than yellow, black or brown.

Remove your brother's burden,
 Outlive your selfish greed,
 Why should he toil in anguish
 To furnish all you need.
 His rights are just as sacred

Though enslaved for ages long,
Because he is the weaker
Will not excuse your wrong.

Remove your brother's burden,
'Twill be your noblest deed;
Then try and lift him upward,
And heal his wounds that bleed.
Demand that equal justice
Exists for weak and strong;
When all shall have some sunshine,
Our lips shall utter song.

Remove your brother's burden
Make smooth the path he treads
Light up the spark of reason
That lies dormant in his head.
Let not your courage waver,
With brotherly love be strong,
Justice will reign triumphant
Over selfish greed and wrong.

This life is only transient—
A truth that all should heed;
We are spirits clothed in matter
And called the human breed.
There is a sphere much higher
To which all will attain,
We grow as we aspire
That higher sphere to gain.

TRINITY CEMETERY.

—o—

A most beautiful place is the high hillside
 On the banks of the Hudson's fast flowing tide,
 Where ships sail fast, with swishing sound,
 And the dead lie low on the hills around;
 Where the cars rush past on the iron rail,
 And white stones gleam in the moonlight pale.
 There moulder the forms of great and small,
 And our mother's bosom conceals them all.

When gay crowds pass to spend the day,
 Many thousands are sleeping in the cold, dark
 clay—

When the birds are singing in the leafy trees
 And limbs are swaying in the salt sea breeze,
 Many children come dressed in their Sunday
 clothes,

Looking for a grave where the tall grass grows
 Then tears dim their eyes when the grave is
 found

For the little baby form who is sleeping pro-
 found.

Where great tall stones stand high in the air,
 Recording the names of those mouldering there,
 And strong stone houses built under the ground,

Whose sleeping tenants are not troubled by a
sound;
Whose walls are crumbling, with age grown
gray—
Like all earthly things, they are passing away.
Here little nameless waifs concealed in the sand
Will be found on high when the angels take a
hand.



MEDITATION.



The glittering stars high overhead
Are filled with life. Nothing is dead,
From blazing sun at noontide high
To withered leaves that silent lie.
They all form parts in nature's plan,
And change and grow along with man.
All things in nature have their place
To bless and lift the human race.

Life is eternal, exists on high,
Changes all forms, but cannot die.
The lowest forms must progress make,
And give expression in higher state.
The flowers that bloom and scent the air
All pass away we don't know where;
But this we know, progress won't cease
When soul from body is released.

FOSSILS.

—o—

Crawl out of your shell, come into the light;
Your views may be wrong, yet fancy you're
right.

Give voice to your thought that others may
hear—

'Tis friendly discussion that makes truth appear.
If your views are so fragile they won't bear the
light

You're becoming a fossil—a most pitiable sight.
Attrition will brighten and fill up the ruts,
And knowledge will answer the ifs and the buts.

Don't fill your mind with the thought so absurd
That nothing exists but of what you have
heard.

Some others, perhaps, in a more modest way,
May likely know something and wish it to say.
Don't disgust your friends with what you be-
lieve,

Beliefs are all vain, and will only deceive.
But if you know something exists as a fact,
Then shout it aloud, 'tis a praiseworthy act.

Allow no belief to dominate your mind,
Or new truths you will never be able to find;
Your mind must be free new truths to acquire,

And one truth discovered will another inspire.
Accept no belief that your senses can't prove,
They are given as guides by the Ruler above.
If millions are thoughtless and believe wrong is
right,
The truth still exists, though concealed from
their sight.

We all have grown simple, and accept with a
will

The most foolish nonsense, the same as a pill.
The pill proves of service in banishing aches,
But unfounded beliefs are the rankest of "fakes."
Justice is simple, we all know it is right,
But we cultivate greed and our conscience we
blight.

We are growing enlightened, our minds are
more clear,
And the reigning of justice is now very near.



KIND WORDS.

—o—

As bright as the sunbeam
That flits to and fro
Are the kind words we utter
To our friends or to foe;
Like the song of the bird
Ascending on high,
They are pleasing to hear
When sorrow is nigh.

Like the scent of the rose
 That floats on the air,
 Kind words will inspire
 Souls sunk in despair.
 New hope will burst forth
 Like the sun after rain,
 Dispersing the sorrow
 Over hopes that prove vain.

Like the stars in the sky
 That twinkle so bright,
 The kind words we say
 Leave a halo of light.
 Their light will not fade,
 But grows brighter each day,
 And will lighten earth's gloom
 When we pass away.

The earth is not final,
 'Tis a step on the way
 To the spheres we shall roam
 When the mists clear away;
 Where our friends we shall meet
 Who left us in pain,
 On the mystical shore
 We shall all bloom again.

WOODLAND JOYS.

—o—

I said to wife one summer day,
Let us take the children where 'tis green,
To the grassy fields and lanes, I mean,
Where happy birds are always seen;
Where they may romp and play
In shady woods where the sighing breeze
Sounds like a moan among the trees,
Where you and I may sit at ease,
As in the olden day.

They will enjoy a glorious day,
They will see the Chipmunk slyly peep,
Hear gay tree toads cry deep—knee deep,
See the round-eyed owl in drowsy sleep,
Where the treetops bend and sway.
Then creep down the rocks to the lonely burn,
Whose tumbling waters dash and churn,
Sprinkling mossy carpet and slender fern
With cooling, silvery spray.

They can smell the grass that is cut for hay,
And watch the men who cut it low,
Or roam the fields where the violets blow,
Where buttercups and daisies grow,
And chase the butterflies gay;
Then follow the brook as it flows along,

And scream and yell or sing a song;
Such happy hours will make them strong,
When nature holds full sway.

When they grow weary, perhaps we may
Want to drink from the bubbling spring,
Among the rocks where mosses cling,
The trailing vines will make a swing
While passing an hour away;
Then roam the glen to the grassy dell
And see the cow that rings the bell,
And when to be milked can always tell—
Then we will homeward stray.



PERFECT CALM.



There lies concealed within each breast
A perfect calm, the sweetest rest,
Though tempests rage and thunders sound,
And lightnings flash o'er hills around;
And swirling waves rise mountain high,
And earth and sky seem passing by;
Yet all will fail to agitate
The peaceful calm of soul's estate.

Within each soul in recess deep,
Lie seeds divine in silent sleep;
No angry words or selfish deeds
Will bring to light such precious seeds;
'Tis love alone for fellow man,
The cheering word and helping hand,

That bring to life the seeds divine,
And prove mankind one living vine.

Act from within thine inmost soul,
Make love and truth thy highest goal;
Thy light within will brighter gleam,
And on your pathway cast a beam
And will make plain thy duties here,
And lead thee to a higher sphere.
There is no death, 'tis a higher birth
Awaits all souls on mother earth.



THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

—O—

At a feast of yellow goldbugs
And their diamond crested host,
While drinking flowing bumpers
Were startled at a ghost.
In the night as they were feasting
In the richly gilded hall
They were filled with sudden fear
When the ghost addressed them all:

"Repent you thieving wretches
"And return your stolen gold
"To the widows and the orphans
"And the starving toilers old,
"For all honest men are joining
"In the Socialistic clan
"To live in love and justice
"In the Brotherhood of Man."

They were filled with consternation
 At the order of the ghost,
 For they knew their power was broken
 By the Socialistic host
 That was daily growing stronger
 On every land and sea,
 By the magic of their watchword
 All rascality must flee.

They are marching in the city
 To the beating of the drums,
 And said "Our rotten system
 Breeds the pauper and the bums."
 They are tramping in the country
 To the piping of the fife
 And declare "Our looting system
 Is the cause of human strife."

In the hall where they feasted
 The bugs began to crawl,
 For they saw "Destruction" written
 By a hand upon the wall.
 They saw their days were passing,
 As all days have passed before,
 For it is the ghost of ages
 That is standing on the floor.

He beckoned them to silence,
 While upon the wall he cast
 A vision of all nations
 And of systems that have passed.
 Then replaced it by another,
 Far more beautiful and grand,
 With mother earth and Eden,
 And the people ruled the land.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

—o—

They always come at eventide
After the sun's last gleam;
I feel their presence at my side
When I sit down to dream.
And often in the silent night,
When lying in my bed,
I seem to see the outlines white
Of friends I know are dead.

They come and go as phantoms glide,
And ripples on a stream,
And noiseless as the motes that ride
Upon a stray sunbeam.
No omen ill I ever dread,
Nor do I feel affright,
And as they move with silent tread
I watch them with delight.

In filmy robes that do not hide
Her form of matchless grace,
Her shining hair with daisies tied,
A veil of misty lace.
Behind its sheen two lustrous eyes
Are smiling into mine;
She left our home for paradise,
This baby girl of mine.

Beside her stands a little chap,
 A brother to the maid,
 He fell asleep on mama's lap,
 No good-bye word was said.
 But I have heard him speak again,
 He comes at papa's call,
 He lives upon a higher plane—
 He did not die at all.



SAY NOT THERE'S NAUGHT.



Say not pure love is unavailing
 To cheer the faint and wretched soul,
 And the staunch ship fast homeward sailing
 Will not reach its destined goal.
 If love is false and faith delusion
 Then all the brightest hopes are vain,
 Most perfect order is confusion
 And chaos rules nature's domain.

Say not the truth will prove misleading
 To earnest seekers for the light,
 And vain the spirit's earnest pleading
 To be exempt from earthly blight.
 If truth's a lie there is no gladness,
 The blazing sun does not exist;
 There is no pain nor tearful sadness,
 The granite rock is only mist.

Say not there's naught in aspiration
 To lift the soul above the earth,
 Or there is doubt of inspiration

Flowing from souls of higher birth;
Then happiness is but a phantom,
A false impression on the brain,
No phase of life that man may fathom,
Upon old mother earth's domain.



SLAVES TO MAMMON.

—o—

God Mammon reigns, his will is done
In every clime kissed by the sun;
His every wish always obeyed,
And life is lost advancing trade;
His glittering sheen the mind enslaves
And men become base willing knaves—
We hoard and cheat and steal and lie
To rot forgotten bye and bye.

God Mammon reigns—he is the king—
Blighting mankind with famine's sting;
We close our eyes, we do not see
The vultures rend humanity.
We feel the force of subtle chains
Strangling the thought in human brains;
His reign of hate is passing o'er—
Reason enlightens more and more.

The God of Love will grace the throne,
And all mankind receive their own;
Freedom will spread from pole to pole—
The greatest good the greatest goal.
Justice and truth will make men free—

God knows but one humanity;
True brotherhood will reign on earth
When men develop moral worth.



DEMOCRACY.

—o—

Give your aid to democracy
To conquer vile plutocracy.
 Its love for man intense and true,
 Is boundless as the dome of blue,
And endless as eternity
Is its desire to set men free
 From Mammon's thrall of golden hue,
 Quick as the sun dries morning dew.
Democracy, thou art a friend,
On thee for justice we depend;
 Bright as the orb that rules the day,
 Thy light illumines the darksome way.
Within thy flame all colors blend,
When all are equal none offend;
 Under thy reign love will outweigh
 The rule of gold which breeds decay.

Thou art a foe, Democracy,
To lovers of hypocrisy.
 From parasites all curses flow,
 And drench mankind in blood and woe,
They are the aristocracy,
And plunder poor humanity.
 The golden coffers overflow,
 And human rights they overthrow.

Democracy, thou hast a soul,
The bondsman's hope, the freeman's goal;
 Within thy fold the weak find rest,
 And love for man shines in thy breast.
With thee for guide we pass earth's shoal,
And human life will upward roll,
 Until we reach the highest crest
 And all mankind divinely blest.



NIGHT.

—o—

Softly fades the parting ray
Of the glowing orb of day,
And the flaming streamers rise
To the zenith of the skies.
Dusky eve steals on apace,
Veiling earth in sombre lace;
Hushed the singer's joyous tone,
Night once more sits on the throne.

Silence deep and calm repose
Follow at the daylight's close,
And fair Luna, queen of night,
Floods the earth with mellow light,
And she shows her smiling face
Thro' the fleecy clouds in space,
Brightening the darksome nook,
Where perchance there lurks a spook.

In my room alone I sit,
Noting not how time doth flit,

And I feel a subtle thrill
 Creeping o'er me like a chill,
 And I sense the presence dear,
 Of a lost one drawing near;
 Climbing quickly on my knee,
 Sits a boy who laughs at me.

Do you want the truth to learn
 How our spirit friends return?
 Would you lift the mystic veil,
 Seeking friends you now bewail?
 Would you pass the gate ajar,
 Where the 'risen spirits are?
 Seek within thyself the key—
 God lives in humanity.



INVISIBLE HELPERS.

—o—

When sunny smiles make bright the day,
 And clouds of sorrow fade away,
 And like the rainbow disappear,
 We know that spirit friends are near.
 They hover near us all the time,
 Impressing us with thoughts sublime,
 And thro' the mist we catch a gleam
 Of angel faces in a dream.
 When deep distress like billows roll,
 And hope forsakes our weary soul,
 There steals within the consciousness
 The faith that friends are near to bless.
 They hover near to act as guide,
 From birth till death they're at our side;

Invisible to human eyes
They will respond to earnest cries.
Bright as the rays of morning sun
Are worthy deeds when kindly done;
Mankind is one vast family,
Progressing through eternity;
The noble act, the loving voice,
Make men and angels to rejoice.
Sometime we shall as guardians guide
And hover by some mortal's side.



THE COMING NATION.



Competition is passing by
Like fleeting clouds across the sky,
Lift up thine eyes, humanity,
Salute the dawn of liberty.
Systems must pass like you and I
In oblivion's realm to lie.
Imperfect systems still will be
'Till light illumines our destiny.

Vile selfishness is on the wane,
Life holds more joy, and less of pain,
As altruism grows in power
Injustice fades like twilight hour.
Its light illumines the opening dawn,
A star of hope to those who mourn,
And as its glowing rays expand
Love's mystic spell men understand.

Competition's long reign is o'er—
 Its death knell floats o'er sea and shore;
 No one will wail at its demise—
 A nobler system will arise.
 Justice will reign upon the earth,
 Pure Socialism will prove its worth.
 Love will abide upon the throne,
 And human strife will be unknown.

A nation grand our eyes behold,
 And love rules man instead of gold.
 Each human face on which we gaze
 Beams happiness and inward praise.
 The people live in idealism,
 Made possible by Socialism.
 An earthly paradise we view,
 Its canopy the dome of blue.



AWAKE FROM SLUMBER.

—o—

Arouse, my friend, awake from slumber,
 Help us arrest the men who plunder.
 You feel secure in your present snap,
 But in the future you will meet mishap.
 Thousands of men were just as sure,
 But they were fired, and now are poor.
 Regrets prove vain when the tide has ebbed,
 And you languish in jail because you begged.

The soul is small and the conscience blind,
 That feels no love for human kind.

Awake to action, your job won't last,
Your wife and children will have to fast.
Standing alone you are bound to fall,
Conditions will force you to the wall.
Banish your greed, help on the race,
And make the world a happier place.

We know you are honest, but you do not think,
And obey like others a master's wink.
Exert your brain to make it grow,
And stubborn facts you will learn to know.
We have been dreaming to our sorrow,
And now must face the bleak tomorrow;
We must unite to save the lives
Of babes unborn, and loving wives.

Shake off the chains of the pirate band!
Exact your rights in this free land!
Your rights are just the same as mine—
The right to live and contentment find.
No one is born to slave for knaves,
And rot like carrion in unknown graves.
We are born free, why bear the brand
Of cowardly slaves in this broad land?

DAY DREAM.

—O—

I had a dream the other day
That robber Plutes were swept away,
And in their place the people stood,
And all were happy, free and good.
The Babes were fair and looked so sweet,
Their bodies fat and garments neat
The boys and girls it also seemed
Were romping round—as on I dreamed.

The parents, too, both old and young,
In melody their voices rung,
With tender eye and truthful hearts
They loved to toil and fill their parts.
Since Pluto and his robber host
Were swept away—gave up the ghost—
Ne'er to return on this earth plane,
Where robbers ruled and men were slain.

The pious parsons were interred
In fossil shape, so I inferred,
For nothing new could emanate
From people in the fossil state.
They left when Plutes and pirates fled,
And now are numbered with the dead.
The people live and do their part,
For each one has an honest heart.

But now I find 'twas but a dream;
 The Plutes still live, the robbers seem
 To own the earth—the churches, too,
 Are drivelling out what we should do.
 The time is here when each should think,
 And not be fooled by parson's wink,
 Or down we go to a living hell
 Prepared for us, as the parsons tell.



LOVE THYSELF LAST.



Love thyself last, thou tear-stained soul,
 'Tis the subtle key of the mystic goal,
 And will free the Christ confined in thy breast,
 Who will guide thee safely to supernal rest.
 If thou do'st the earth will grow
 Like the fabled Eden for all men below,
 And the rose will wear a richer hue
 If the love you give is pure and true.

Love thyself last and thou wilt find
 The cord of love that unites mankind
 Into one common mass like the potter's clay
 To be fashioned and formed in Nature's way.
 We are the branches of one parent vine,
 Sustained by the infinite love we call divine,
 And having life immortal we are designed to
 rise
 To the spheres supernal in the soul's Paradise.

BARS TO PROGRESS.

—O—

Too many straws are accepted as real,
By credulous people who have no ideal;
Too many fakirs are posing as saints,
And vile crimes of oppressors humanity taints.
Too many parasites, of various breeds,
Live on the people and propagate creeds;
Too many sky-pilots to guide us on high
To mansions in space in the sweet by and by.

Our earthly conditions, chaotic and crude,
Will advance to perfection when people are good;
Too many poor people, alack and alas,
Have the semblance of man but the brain of an ass.
They act like the sheep that follow the ram,—
Lie buried in sand like the edible clam—
Giving no thought to flow or ebbing of tide,
But with faith most sublime that "The Lord will
provide."

Too many poor creatures suffer hunger and pain
And thieves are protected who steal all the grain;
Too many masters are elected to rule,
Who plunder the people and cripple the school.
There are too many people hoping for gain,
To shackle the robbers with a ball and chain;

There are too many paupers and too many
"plutes,"
The latter living as princes, the former as brutes.

Too many warships float on the seas,
Swarming with parasites living at ease;
Too many soldiers with war-trappings begirt,
Armed to shoot fellow-men who their manhood
assert.

'Tis much of the earth is claimed and controlled
By hands of vile robbers whose crimes are untold,
To pull down these bosses as easy as wink,
And an Eden will rise if the people will think.



WHEN OUR LOVE GROWS STRONG.



When our budding love has blossomed,
And we feel for others' woes,
Our lives will blend in sweetness
As the fragrance of the rose.
When our love for self is blended
In our love for others' weal,
On the throne of truth ascended
We approach the true ideal.

While we search for earthly treasures,
We are living in the mire;
While we live for selfish pleasures,
Our spirits will not aspire:
We are groping in the shadows
That obscure the light of day,

And our light within burns dimly,
That illumes the higher way.

We can make a happier Eden
Than the mythic one of old,
Where the servant ne'er will enter,
If we banish our god of gold,
And our lives will glow in brightness
Like the blazing orb of day,
If we break the chains which bind us
To the transient things of clay.



THE THRONE OF GOLD.

—o—

Dear Lord, Thy Holy Book I scan
So praised and puffed by pious man;
Thy costly throne of massive gold
And precious stones, so I am told.
It must indeed inspire some men
To pilfer from their fellow-men;
The golden streets whereof I read
Will incite men for selfish greed.

The jasper wall so sung about
I think, indeed, will keep some out;
Of course, the pious parsons all
Can enter in and play football,
But honest men without a pull
Will likely find it quite too full.
The band of music, I've heard state
Will play from morn until quite late.

These priceless treasures in spaces vast,
We are informed will always last;
And here, of course, we humbly try
To learn to live like in the sky;
And to do so the proper way,
We rob and steal from day to day.
The robbed may fret and make a fuss,
But might is always right with us.



HELL.



In a mystical book that survives the dark ages,
There is written a legend that tints all its pages.
It is taught by learned men whose learning is rot
That a fiend called Devil keeps a pit burning hot,
And stalks at our side on great cloven feet,
To allure us with pleasures that are simple and
sweet;
But we must beware, say the teachers of fibs,
There are snares to deceive, by his invisible nibs.

He accompanies each soul by night or by day,
Keeps his claws on our throat so we can't get
away;
With his tail that is forked he prods us along
Into ways that are vile and impels us to wrong.
The good deeds we do or the kind words we say,
Are inspired by the Devil the holy men say.
Unless we believe what these ignorant men teach
We're sure to be damned, is the gospel they preach.

BURDENS.

—o—

Let us bear each others' burdens,
 As we journey on our way.
 Let us help each other onward.
 Making bright the gloomy day.
 Let our hearts be light and merry,
 Let our voices ring with song,
 Let our laugh be free and joyful
 As we toil our way along.

Let us imitate the flowers—
 Spreading sweetness on our path;
 Dry the tears of weeping children,
 Make their little faces laugh.
 Fill the baby lives with pleasure,
 Childhood's days soon pass away;
 Children's love we all should treasure.
 Lead them gently on the way.

Dreary days we all must suffer,
 Loving friends are torn apart;
 Wretched homes in low surroundings,
 All of these we form a part.
 Let us all with earnest efforts,
 Try and do the best we know,
 To smooth the way for one another;
 We are one family here below.

JERRY BUILDERS.

—o—

The fancy jerry builder is an artist up to date,
Whose beastly, worthless carcass must do duty
for the state.

His shriveled soul unable to grasp the hidden light,
That justice, truth, and mercy must inspire the
soul aright.

That his cursed greed for gain should endanger
human life,

And murder toiling husband and bereave a loving
wife,

Depriving little children of a father kind and brave,
That his profits might be doubled, this greedy,
thriving knave.

We have many laws to date that will reach such
greedy knaves,

Who to steal another dollar will put toilers in
their graves.

We have had enough of preaching let us now some
action take,

Or the honest toiling people will think it all a fake.
The recent cruel murders by Fordinsky and his
band,

Is not the first by many which have happened in
our land,

The toiling poor are patient but the rulers of our
laws,
Had better probe this recent case and ascertain
the cause.



OUR WILLIE.



'Twas late in bleak November,
When the winds were keen and chill,
That our Willie ceased his laughing,
For his body had grown ill.

When his winsome smile had vanished,
And his rosy cheeks had paled,
We knew our tender nursing
And the medicine had failed.

When we heard the baby prattle
From the lips so often kissed,
A sudden fear fell on our hearts;
Our Willie would be missed.

We wept and prayed, then wept again,
But tears were all in vain;
The spirit of our Willie left
His body, freed from pain.

The lonely hours of that dread night,
When fondest hopes had fled,
No tongue can tell, no pen can paint;
Our Willie—he was dead.

SUMMER STORM.



I love to watch the summer storm,
The fleecy clouds go hurrying by,
Bent on a mission to perform,
By the Grand Master of the sky.
To us they seem without a plan,
And float about without a guide;
But He who rules all systems grand
Their mission knows and will preside.

They rush along with gathering force,
The sky grows dark with sudden gloom;
The lightning's flash a dazzling force,
And thunder peal their deafening boom.
All nature seems to be at war,
The mountains quake and seas roll high,
While high above the struggle, are
The blazing sun and blue of sky.

How sweet and pure the balmy air,
After the storm has sought its rest.
How sweet the flowers; their colors rare
Are brighter grown and much refreshed.
With human life 'tis much the same,
The trials and cares we suffer here,
Are sent to help us all attain
To better life on higher sphere.

THE TOILER'S HOME.

—o—

In a home of squalid want,
Stalks the wolf of hunger, gaunt,—
Prowls about both night and day,
Like specter, grim and gray.
There a woman sits and sews,
And the winter's sleet and snows,
Drift in heaps upon the floor,
Thru the windows and the door.

From an infant weak and pale,
Issues forth a feeble wail;
Playing with a broken toy,
Is a sickly looking boy.
Two little tots almost nude,
Thro' their skin the bones protrude;
In this den of wretchedness,
Death alone brings happiness.

In a corner of the room,
Almost hidden in the gloom,
Lies the father, old and worn,
Desolate and most forlorn;—
Wasting, wasting, day by day,
Soon to rest in mother clay,—
Faintly moaning in his pain,
Calling on his God in vain.

In this hovel cold and bare,
Dirt and filth are everywhere.
By the glimmer of the light,
Degredation meets the sight;
Cold and hunger here abide,
Phantoms at the toiler's side,—
Bled by parasites for gain;—
Justice pleads for right in vain.

O'er this broad and fertile land,
Greed combines in private band
To monopolize the earth,
Blighting infants ere their birth,
To enslave the man who works,
To enrich the soulless shirks;
In this land of Liberty,
Greed degrades humanity.



SMITH, THE HERO OF SAMAR.

—o—

Prostrate thyself, the hero comes!
The noted butcher of Samar,
With blare of horns and of drums
He graces the triumphal car.
Mark well the high and haughty way
He looks upon the surging mass
Of foolish people who must pay
For shining trappings made of brass.
Off with your hats! nor dare to breathe
Unless the butcher gives you leave.

Salute the butcher of the hour!
 His cleaver gleaming like a star;
 The victims of his tyrant power
 Rot like carrion in Samar.
 Behold the brutal in his face!
 The lust for greed, the thirst for blood;
 The gleam of love you cannot trace
 In men who know not brotherhood.
 Note how he awes the simple masses
 Like god Apollo on Mount Parnassus.

Give him his due, his deeds proclaim,
 Let him be known from pole to pole;
 Engrave his name in halls of fame,
 That it endure while oceans roll.
 Dispel the halo round his head,
 Won by vile deeds in far Samar;
 A rope around his neck instead
 Will quench his thirst for fiendish war.
 Salute him with a dismal groan;
 War's hellish crimes men have outgrown.



DEVIL DODGING.

—O—

Of pseudo teachings I have heard
 Within the church's wall
 This one shines forth as most absurd
 "Friends, Jesus paid it all."
 The simple folks within this fold
 Reflect the pastor's thought,
 With faith sublime in fables old,
 Reason availeth naught.

The blood atonement is a dream
Of some fanatic's brain,
Reason rejects so vile a scheme
Immortal life to gain.
The man so basely crucified
Was not God's only son;
To truth alone he testified,
The human race is one.

That man has fallen, is a myth
As old as priestly rule;
The present is man's greatest height
Tested in reason's school;
Man has ascended from the mire
And won his present state,
He does not fear that hell of fire,
'Tis long gone out of date.

"Accept salvation, it is free,"
The Devil dodgers shout,
"Cast all thy sins on Jesus, he
Will wash the stains all out."
We do not hear the parsons preach
The brotherhood of man;
The fairy tales they love to teach
Explain a simple plan.

CHARITY PATIENT.



Take out this "stiff," sans boots and hat
And plant it in the pauper plat;
Dig out a hole among the stones
To hold his frame of skin and bones,
There let him rot, enrich the ground,
No one will want his carcass found;
These homeless tramps make such bother,
When one "croaks" there comes another.

That frame of bones, that helpless clay,
Filled his mother's heart with joy one day;
His baby hand lay on her breast.
Her loving hands had oft caressed
The dimpled cheeks and curling hair
Of her darling nestling there;—
The hand that wiped his falling tears
Has lain as dust for many years.

A handsome youth he next appears,
All happy smiles—no dismal fears—
His dreams as bright as morning sun,
Of glorious deeds and honors won,
A lovely maid he hopes to wed
And down life's journey softly tread.
But dreams all vanish like setting sun,
And castles fall ere well begun.

The years speed on, once more we meet
An aged man upon the street.
His form is bent, he limps along:—
That smiling babe, the youth so strong;
His hopes once bright faded like mist,
His chance for honor always missed:—
A homeless tramp, his end is near,
A pauper's grave, no mourner near.



SWEET VIOLETS.

—o—

An emblem of modesty, pleasing to view,
Concealed in the grass and watered by dew,
'Tis sought for by children when roaming around,
And when 'tis discovered their shouts will resound.
Awaking the cows that are lying asleep,
And green-coated frogs who are crying "go weep,"
While mother at home is feeling at ease,
And sings to herself while shelling the peas.

It grows an example we should all imitate,
When doing good deeds we should not relate
Or blazon them forth like holiday show,
As being so "good and holy", you know.
Act like the flower concealed in the grass,
Help all you can the great struggling mass
Of poor humanity, bearing great woes,
Concealing yourself, so that nobody knows.

FAMINE SPECTRE.

—O—

A hideous spectre grim and stern
Appals the poor where'er they turn,
It chills the blood in human veins,
Of starving people filled with pains.
It brings the tears from the burning eyes,
Listening to feeble mournful cries
Of sobbing children who want bread
When not a crumb is to be had.

It fills the soul with anger just
To know you're ground below the dust,
The loving wife—less than the beast
While thieving knaves on plunder feast,
Her form unclothed to wintry blast,
With naught to ease her lingering fast,
The hovel open to wintry snows
Are hellish wrongs the toiler knows,

The little babe on Christmas morn
You wish to God had ne'er been born,
The baby sent to bless your life
Seems but a curse to suffering wife.
Your courage fails as ills increase,
You end your life to find release
While royal thieves in gilded den
Steal all the rights of toiling men.

Some honest men are driveling fools,
And cringing slaves where money rules.
You have a brain, exert your mind,
Begin to think and you will find
You have the power to change the laws
That foster crimes and murder cause.
Join the ranks who justice want
And banish spectre who toilers haunt.



HELP A LITTLE.



Help a little day by day,
Help us push the clouds away,
That obscure life's sunny sky,
Cheering others by and by.
Put your shoulder to the wheel,
Help advance the common weal;
You will find a sweet delight
Making dismal places bright.

Smile a little day by day,
Greeting all in friendly way,
Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
Earthly woes will soon pass by.
With others faults most kindly deal,
For others rights be always leal,
Make each others burdens light,
Filling life with sunshine bright.

Love illumines the higher way,
Guide the weak who go astray.
Keep your ideal always high,

You will reach it by and by;
For the weaker always feel,
Your own goodness don't reveal,
Shams and masks wont bear the light,
Naught but Truth shines always bright.



OUR FATHER AND FRIEND.



To the God of Love, our father and friend,
Our loving thoughts and aspirations rise,
His listening ears hears our earnest cries,
And showers of blessings on us descend.
Our abortive efforts do not offend.
He knows our weakness and the way is long,
Harrassed by trials to make us strong,
He leads us safely to the journey's end.
Infinite love weak human thoughts transcend,
And we, frail mortals, children of the dust
Possess life immortal that will not rust.
We fade away; our spirits will ascend
To higher spheres—life does not end
At the subtle touch of death, the bright dawn
Of another world, welcome the new born
Soul—Death is our liberator and friend.
We are the branches on the Tree of Life,
The finite parts of the Infinite whole,
Possessing attributes of the Divine.
Our spirits develop in love, not strife,
While progressing to our destined good
The perfect flowers on the living vine.

GLAD CHRISTMAS TIME.

—o—

Once more we greet glad Christmas time,
Once more we hear the church bells chime,
“Good will to man” they loud proclaim,
In years ago they did the same.
What if the legend be untrue,
To active minds with clearer view,
We hail its dawn with joy sincere,
To weary souls it brings good cheer.

What if the man once crucified,
By wily priests is deified?
The Christmas tide will good inspire
Of which the people never tire.
Our selfish love is cast aside,
Kindly deeds are multiplied;
To wretched souls in selfish grief,
The joys of Christmas bring relief.

What if salvation is a scheme,
To rob mankind as many deem?
It is the good we celebrate,—
Not man-made gods, long out of date.
Glad Christmas day blesses mankind,
The ties of brotherhood it binds,
Contentment, Love and Peace abide,
Around the Christmas eventide.

THE BANKER'S DREAM.

—o—

He lay upon his downy couch
 His arms lay o'er his breast,
 His eyes were closed in sweet repose,
 His soul seemed doubly blessed;
 The light was faint that filtered through
 The curtains rich and rare,
 But ever and anon he moaned
 Like one in deep despair.

He saw the widow he made mourn,
 The men he starved to death,
 The little children he had wronged
 To swell his stolen wealth.
 He saw the girls he caused to fall
 Because he stole their bread,
 He saw St. Peter, grim and tall,
 Then knew he must be dead.

He hailed St. Peter at the gate
 With trembling lips and weak,
 His face was blanched with hideous fear
 When asked what he did seek.
 Admittance to his heavenly home
 He craved in quaking tones,
 For I was used to wealth on earth
 And worshipped precious stones.

"You cannot enter here," said Pete,
"You lived for selfish gain,
You also stole the widow's mite
And added to her pain.
Your earthly record is most vile,
No kindly act I trace;
I'll telephone to Brother Nick
To roast you in his hottest place."



INFINITE POWER.



There is a power that rules all things,
The smallest atom and the soul who sings
The mountain tops concealed in clouds
The helpless clay in burial shrouds,
Of systems grand that float in space.
No human eye can find a trace
Of Him who dwells in every soul
As part of the stupendous whole.

The gentle Breeze that fans the flowers,
The falling rain in summer showers,
The howling winds and lightning flash,
The lowering clouds and thunders crash,
The swirling waves of angry sea,
All sounds of Power we cannot see.
How weak the creeds and dogmas blind
Of ignorant men to teach mankind.

The flowers that bloom then fade away,
The blazing sun that lights the day,
The giant trees that upward grow,

The ice and hail and virgin snow,
The genial spring when seeds are sown
The glorious autumn, when all are grown
Are signs of power none comprehend
And will endure till earth shall end.

The heads of grass, slender and green,
The woodland lakes with silvery sheen,
The finny tribes that fill the deep,
All living things that crawl and creep,
The beasts that roam the hills and plains,
The waving fields of growing grains,
Are all expressions of infinite love
That fill all space below, above.



WISE CROWS.



The common crow is very wise,
Can see the corn, with sleepy eyes
Will watch you plant from morn till night
And, when you leave, he will alight
To dig and scratch the dirt about,
And eat the corn. He hustles out,
He thinks for him you plow and sow,
And hide the corn in ground below.
You place some scarecrows in the lot,
And fancy then that you have got
Something to keep the crows away
From early morn till close of day,
It is too thin; the crow has brains,
And won't be fooled or lose his grains.

He has no fear, digs right along
And fills his crop in early morn.
The moral of which I will explain:
Old Mother Earth gives all the grain ;
We have some crows whose brains are small,
And flimsy scarecrow robs us all;
All laws are wrong not based on life,
They foster greed, and crime, and strife;
All gain is theft. The plan divine
Is all for all—not mine nor thine!



DOMESTIC FELICITY.

—o—

She tied a napkin on her head,
Her hair was all awry,
She wiped the dewdrop off her nose,
That had wandered from her eye.
She clutched the broomstick in her hands,
And with vicious, angry thrusts,
She moved it quickly o'er the floor
And raised great clouds of dust.

She boxed the kids upon the ears,
And vowed she wished them dead,
And when her hubby interfered
The broomstick fanned his head
Until he swore he ne'er again
Would chide his faithful spouse
When she was busy cleaning up
The dirt around the house.

HAPPY HOURS.

—O—

I feel a joyous pleasure in roaming around about,
 Not found in holy churches where the preacher's
 noisy shout,
 But when views are always changing and the
 birds are singing gay,
 Not where holy people gather to let you hear
 them shout and pray.
 When the wind is blowing softly and when trees
 have branches low,
 And the road is hot and dusty there I very often
 go;
 There I rest and feel contented while my brain
 with busy thought,
 Travels over distant ages noting miracles when
 wrought.

They were of common occurrence in those days
 that have past,
 In fact they were so frequent they surely could
 not last;
 The people in those early years were tender,
 young and green,
 Their intellect was miniature no reasoning have
 we seen.
 We know that laws as principles exist the same
 as God,

We see results, know not the cause, as yet we
are but clod.
But our friends of ancient days had a vein of
humor bold,
And to frighten their decendants for truth these
fables told.

Many good and honest people find great comfort
in these tales,
Have great faith in ancient fable such as Jonah
and his whale.
Others feel refreshed and happy when the parsons
loudly bawl,
All you want is faith in Jesus, he it was who
paid it all.
Thus we see how crude and feeble is the teaching
of to-day,
No advancement in the teacher and these fables
bound to stay;
But truth is rising up at last, these tales are
growing dim
And soon the earth the truth will bless and sing
another hymn.

OUR MOTHER.

—o—

Earth to earth and dust to dust,
To mother Earth return we must;
Her generous bosom with lavish hand,
Sustains all life in every land.
Within her bosom are all needs,
From yellow gold to mustard seeds.
And when we pass, and pass we must,
Her tender bosom conceals our dust.

Her smiling face is filled with flowers,
And leafy trees form shady bowers,
Her living grass and luscious fruits,
Feed barbarous man and gentle brutes.
Within our view great mountains rise
Their snowy caps in azure skies.
Within her valleys living green,
Great sheets of water in silvery sheen.

Her bosom torn and harrowed o'er,
To force her yield more generous store;
Great holes are drilled within her breast,
By toiling men who are oppressed
By thieving knaves, for greedy gain,
Who have them bound in slavish chain;
They but exist 'mid pain and want.
Their children naked, sick and gaunt.

These thieving men degrade our race,
And steal our earthly dwelling place.
'Tis our own fault they kill and steal,
And grind the poor beneath their heel.
We must unite in brotherly band,
And keep our mother from private hand.
If might is right we have the power,
All wrongs to right and nabobs lower.



LIFE IS REAL.

—O—

Pray do not borrow troubles
That fill your mind with dread,
Nor chase the airy bubbles
That vanish o'er your head.
Life is real, awake from slumber,
Do not drift upon its stream;
Tis our weakness makes us blunder
And act like people in a dream.

Life is real, all else is fleeting
On the tireless wings of Time;
Do your best while onward speeding
To the realm of the sublime.
Human life has many sorrows
That, like storms, soon pass away,
And the sunshine quickly follows,
Chasing dismal thoughts away.

Do not live in gloomy sadness,
Cast aside your doubts and fears,
Wear a smile of sunny gladness,
Life is not a vale of tears.

Earthly life is growing better,
 More of joy and less of pain;
 Weaker grow the bonds that fetter
 And blight our lives for selfish gain.

Spend your life in helping others;
 The seed you sow you reap again;
 The human race are truly brothers,
 Imperfect links of an endless chain.
 Earthly life is only transient,
 Speeding onward to the real,
 Where our lives will shine resplendent,
 Far surpassing our ideal.



DO THY PART.



If you love humanity
 Well enough to set man free
 From the thrall of slavery,
 Do thy part.
 Curb thy love of selfish greed,
 Sow pure altruistic seed
 To supplant the jealous weed
 In thy heart.
 In thy love include all men,
 Love returns to bless again,
 And illumines our spirit when
 We depart.
 We must first look deep within
 Our own souls ere we begin
 Cleansing others of their sin;
 This is plain.

When our souls are freed from lust,
In our brother man we trust,
Judging him upright and just,
Without stain.

Have confidence in mankind,
Thought as force affects the mind,
Mental states react in kind
On the brain.

Thus in others we can see
What we lack in charity
For poor frail humanity,
As we pass.

Kindly words we fail to speak
To our brothers who are weak,
Who for pleasures vainly seek
In a glass.

All too late we feel remorse,
When we lay the lifeless corse,
Cut down by relentless force,
'Neath the grass.

Give our sisters equal sway,
Man's false claims will fade away
Like the light at close of day,
Into night.

Male and female life is one,
Man is only woman's son,
Greater honor there is none
In our sight.

Let progression be our aim,
Love of justice be our fame,
Breathing forth love's subtle flame,
Life's delight.

MONEY POWER.

—o—

The banking institution is the lever of the world
And controls all human beings where its banner
is unfurled.

It was formed by thieving men to steal the
wealth of toil;

And to keep them in subjection they use it as a
foil.

This power controls the destinies of nations
great and small,

And when they wish more gold to gain will
make the weaker fall.

They cause the dreadful crime of war to satisfy
their greed,

And steal the wealth of honest toil and starve it
into need.

This octopus of thieving knaves will soon en-
slave us all

And healthy minds see danger and sound the
bugle call.

We must arouse the masses, for their danger
grows more great,

And all must band together before it grows too
late.

The solution is so simple, requires but little
brain,
It is by Co-operation that our rights will regain!
We must advocate this Truth! To nothing else
give heed,
Or have the human race enslaved 'neath heel of
hellish greed.



WOMAN.



The living fount from whence true inspiration
flows
To lift our thoughts above the plane of earthly
woes,
Her sensitive brain responsive to angelic mind,
Voices great truths that lift and elevate man-
kind.
Her glowing light illumines the dark and dismal
way—
It inspires with hope the wandering souls who
stray;—
She is the embodiment of pure love and grace,
It is her great influence that uplifts the race.

Her loving lips are first to kiss the baby face,
Her smiling eyes see naught but its angelic grace,
No voice like hers can charm our listening ears
And linger in our memory in after years.
No tender touch like hers can ease the throbbing
brain,
No loving patience like hers when suffering pain,
And when at last her loving spirit takes its flight
She will be our inspiration in realms of light.

MOTHER'S REPLY TO "ROCK ME TO SLEEP"



My child, cease repining, thy mother is here,
I am by thy side thy dear spirit to cheer;
I press thy sweet lips as in the years gone by,
I kiss the warm tear drops that steal from thine
eye.

You are weary of life, its joys and its pain,
But time turns not backward its dial again;
Over thy dear spirit love's vigil I keep,
My spirit is with thee, awake and asleep.

My dear one look forward and banish thy fears,
After the tempest the bright sunshine appears;
With hope for companion, life's trials are gain,
Keep ever advancing to reach a higher plane;
The material things will rust and decay,
They are but the shadows and will fade away;
Sow truth, love and justice, for others to reap,
To brighten the shadows for mortals who weep.

Beyond the dark clouds, ever glows the bright sun,
We weave in life's web, all the deeds we have done;
It is but the truth which forever endures.
In helping man upward life's blessings insure.
Do not covet riches thy conscience to stain,
But steadfastly seek a high ideal to gain;
Dear spirits watch o'er thee when in slumber deep,
They live in the silence and wake not thy sleep.

Make daily progress, evolution is true,
Ever transforming and revealing the new;
List to the small voice of the spirit unseen,
To guide thee aright to that shore ever green;
When dear ones of earth are united again,
Thro' endless progression to grandeur attain;
The seeds we sow here, over there we will reap;
The unseen hand of fate true record doth keep.

Listen, my child, while thy dear form I enfold,
As softly and tenderly, just as of old,
Let me impress on thy dear spirit tonight,
To cease its repining and seek for the light,—
To know that death's terrors can frighten no more,
To know the departed return as before,
To share in our joys, in our sorrows to weep,
To console us in dreams when we are asleep.

You say, my dear child, that you wish for a song,
Your life is a burden, the journey too long;
You wish that existence would pass like a dream,
To aimlessly float like a leaf on the stream.
You are weary, dear one, your wish is untrue,
Life has its lessons, but true teachers are few;
I will give you a rule my dear one to keep:
Let no act of thine make humanity weep.

PILGRIM FROM MARS.



As a pilgrim from Mars I extend a hearty greet-
ing

And hope the pleasure is mutual at our unex-
pected meeting,

For many years I daily wished this planet to
inspect,

And now my wish is granted surprises must ex-
pect.

I find your wealthy robbers persist in causing
wars;

This is a pastime we outlived long years ago
in Mars.

Your industrial system likewise is barbarous
and wrong,

Your people must be silly to let it last so long.

In the history of past ages upon my native
Mars

We have many cruel legends of our own indus-
trial wars.

Your system seems in harmony with that of an-
cient date

When Mars was ruled by plutocrats who also
robbed the state.

Our history seems like fiction and makes the
blood run cold,

When the masses of our people were enslaved by
pirates bold,
Our women were made prostitutes and the men
were silly slaves;
And for lack of some intelligence starved into
pauper graves.

Our people suffered many years with sickness,
grief and pains
Before the light of reason could penetrate their
brains.

We have accounts of children who were wronged
before their birth,
By a band of hellish scoundrels who tried to
steal our Earth.

Millions of our fellow creatures had no place to
lay their head,
Multitudes of famished women dying for a piece
of bread;

Little children slaved like cattle to increase the
pirates' gain,
And our records are appalling with the numbers
who are slain.

Our ancient tales no one believes so frightful do
they seem

But as it is your system it could not be a dream.
Our history proves all systems fail when justice
is unknown,

And all who cause such miseries must for their
crimes atone.

Our lowest class of people are superior to your
best,

All laws are based on justice and no one is op-
pressed.

Conditions are made equal and proves the better plan—
Live by co-operation in the brotherhood of man.

Your people here are graded with millions in the mire,
Robbed of all their birthright they are unable to aspire.

It fills my mind with horror when I view your pagan state,
While your claims for high intelligence must really take the cake.

Intelligence ignores all creeds as snares by knaves conceived,
To mislead the minds of simples who are easily deceived.

They believe accursed lies from parsons that God's poor must always be,
And to tyrant kings and robbers we must always bend our knee.

Our people are all happy and sing from morn till late,

Our harvest fields are blooming and our parks are something great,

Our factories are immense where the sun can shine all day;

While machines do all the labor our people simply play.

Our buildings are all public and by the peoples used;

Supplied with bands of music for we love to be amused.

Our existence is idealic for we are one living chain,
And if one link is injured we all must suffer pain.

I now will cease my visit for my mind is filled
with fear,

To know we have a neighbor who kills and robs
so near;

My people all will doubt the statements I must
make,

And say I must be dreaming such nonsense to
relate.

My people cannot realize that people who have
brains

Will submit to degradation and be bound in
slavish chains.

We are not kindred people although you look
like us,

We always act on reason and abolished the
money curse.



OCTOBER.



The cold, bleak wintry days are near,
The grassy fields are turning brown;
The summer heat will disappear
And ice and snow the earth will crown.
The suffering poor are filled with dread;
The starving children will shiver with cold;
The little cupboard is bare of bread,
And their scanty rags are thin and old.

The flowers have bloomed, and faded lie,
 The leaves are falling one by one,
 The feathered songsters Southward fly,
 The summer season is past and gone.
 The wretched poor no respite know;
 There daily lives no pleasures bring;
 A phantom grim in heat and snow
 Darkens their lives with phantom wing.

The fruits and nuts have ripened grown;
 The bees and squirrels at labor keep.
 Before the wintry blasts have blown
 The falling snows in billowy heap
 Nature provides them all with food.
 They swiftly labor their share to gain
 They support no idle parasitic brood
 To steal their wealth and cause them pain.

Man stands alone for selfish greed
 Of nature's creatures the most unkind.
 To rob his brothers seems his creed;
 For equal justice we cannot find.
 The honest poor ground in the mire;
 Deprived of all that makes life sweet,
 Their shrunken souls cannot aspire
 Until equal justice all shall mete.

BRIGHTEN UP THE SHADOWS.

—o—

Let us brighten up the shadows
That are caused by actions vile;
Let us banish angry passions
Changing frowns to sunny smile;
Let us ask the angels guidance
From the sphere of light above,
To help us act with justice
And fill our minds with love.

CHORUS

Let us brighten up the shadows
That cause pain and bitter tears,
Let us make the earth an Eden,
Filled with music like the spheres.

Let our hands be always ready
To assist each other, when
We are sinking 'neath life's struggles.
Caused by crimes of selfish men.
Let us pluck the thorns and briars.
Worthless tares and noxious weeds
That absorb the rain and sunshine,
Checking bloom of nobler seeds.

Let us guard our human blossoms
From the lusts of selfish gain,

That embroils the race in bloodshed,
 Causing death, distress and pain.
 Let us seek the germs inherent,
 In the soul of man divine,
 Call them forth with love and kindness;
 We are branches of one vine.

Let us conquer earthly passions
 That, like masters, rule us all,
 That makes sunshine dismal darkness
 And life's sweetness turns to gall.
 Let us banish earthly phantoms
 That delude and lead astray,
 Let us seek for inspiration
 That will guide us all the way.



SECRET OF PROGRESSION.



Vanished like dew or the mist of the morning,
 Before the warm rays of the life-giving sun
 Are the good resolutions we sometimes are forming,
 To make restitutions for the wrongs we have done.
 They vanish like Angels who approach us in slumber,
 Their bright, radiant faces proving victories won;
 Who desire to impress us with truth dearly precious,
 That we only advance when some good we have done.

They vanish like night when the daylight is
breaking,

And thro' the dark clouds we perceive the
bright sun;

Yet they fill us with pleasure when nobly re-
solving,

To always be honest and evil ways shun.

To awaken with truth all the people who slum-
ber,

And teach that the earth must be free as the
sun,

To conquer self-greed that drives us asunder,

And help the race onward by the good we
have done.

Trust not the old legends that prove only de-
ceiving,

Nor the mystical webs by false prophets spun;
But arise with the sun and toil till the gloam-
ing

And accomplish some good ere earth's life is
done.

'Tis not your belief but the good you are doing
That makes the sweet heaven for labor well
done,

Your life is immortal and progression unending,

But you will not advance till some good you
have done.

ONCE I WAS BLIND—NOW I CAN SEE.

—O—

Once I was blind but now I can see,
Once I was bound but now I am free;
Free from the creeds, narrow and blind,
Made to retard the growth of the mind;
Born in the age when man was crude,
They are weak thoughts of the priesthood.
To keep control over mankind
Is the real truth in creeds, I find.

Now I am free, my life is light,
Darkness gives place to sunshine bright;
My faith is gone in legends old,
They are but dross, not virgin gold.
The past is dead, its ghost remains,
Its unseen hands still bind the chains;
To make men slaves to fossil creeds,
The breeders of inhuman deeds.

Now I am free, my life is real,
Pure joy is found in others' weal;
When others grieve I shed a tear—
All men are brothers dwelling here—
The load too great for one to bear
Is thistle-down when others share;
Life's way is rough—with ills beset—
To teach the soul life's alphabet.

Now I am free, life is divine;
The love within will outward shine.
We must give aid and sympathy,
For we are one vast family.
One destiny awaits each soul,
As we progress we lift the whole.
All souls will find God's paradise,
Life is not a lottery prize.



CAPITAL.

—o—

Said capital, with smile benign:
I reign supreme in every clime
Upon the earth from pole to pole,
Where billowy seas and oceans roll,
O'er mountains, robed in virgin snow,
And mineral ores concealed below;
The earth complete is wholly mine,
For gold is might and power divine.

All hidden wealth concealed from sight
My toiling slaves will bring to light;
'Tis true they delve and moil and groan
With shrunk frames of skin and bone;
No light of sun dispels the gloom
That makes the mine a living tomb;
My ears I close whene'er they whine,
For gold is might and power divine.

The forest vast neath starry dome,
The desert sands, where Arabs roam;

The mountain streams with torrents strong,
And silvery streams that flow along;
The sunny vales with growing grain,
The herbs and roots that banish pain;
The lucious grapes compressed for wine,
Are all controlled by law divine.

Upon the seas and oceans blue,
I own the ships, captain and crew;
All industries pursued by man,
The factories, mills and caravan;
Cities and towns I also own,
Though built with wood, iron, or stone;
The godly churches built so fine,
Are also ruled by gold divine.

This glittering idol must be o'erthrown
Placing human life upon its throne;
Honor men with brains and muscles strong.
Who live in justice despising wrong.
'Tis most infamous that men should kneel
To wealthy parasites who kill and steal;
Nature alone acts most benign,
Sustained by him we call divine.

Our mother earth proves always kind
In supplying needs for all mankind,
'Tis our selfish greed, gold to obtain,
That bathes her bosom with crimson stain
This selfish greed for gaining gold
Is fast increasing as the years unfold.
We fawn and kneel at the golden shrine
Where the golden calf has a dazzling shine.

REFORM.

—o—

"Reform! reform!" we hear the cry
Float on the wind that passes by;
The pure and good shout it abroad,
The voting kings loudly applaud.
This wormy chestnut floats around.
In church and hall 'tis always found.
'Tis empty sound like hum of bees,
Reformers want the earth to seize.

"Reform! reform!" the parsons shout,
"We want to drive the Devil out."
These busy men sincere may be,
But good results we fail to see.
The worthy class whom they address
Within the fold needs no redress,
They are content—no specter gaunt,
Shadows their lives with fear of want.

"Reform! reform!" reformers wail,
But just the same vile wrongs prevail;
They talk quite grand, almost sublime,
Like passing storm in summer time.
Reform is bad, 'tis but a name;
In other words, the same old game;
We want a change on this old ball,
A commonwealth to include all.

Men with clear-sight see thro' the mists,
And lead the van as Socialists;
They want the earth for all mankind—
The sick, the weak, the lame, the blind.
The parasites and systems crude,
Must all give place to brotherhood;
The dawn is here, the night is past.
Justice will reign on earth at last.



A VOICE.



My brother, pause as you pass by,
My form below the grass doth lie;
As it is now so yours will be,
Forgotten by posterity.
The form is dust, to dust returns;
The flame of life forever burns;
The change men fear you need not dread,
In Nature's realms there are no dead.

At death we pass the gates ajar,
We do not soar to realm afar;
Invisible to mortal ken,
We still abide in homes of men.
Death does not sever love's sweet tie,
Attraction's law still keeps us nigh,
To minister to loving friends,
Until this earthly journey ends.

The empty chair on which you gaze,
Recalls the friends of bygone days;
Vacant to you it looks as air,

And yet perchance a friend sits there.
We move around on noiseless feet,
And leave an impress pure and sweet,
Then fade away like twilight gleam,
And mortals say they had a dream.



THE MYSTIC TIE.

—O—

Sweet mystic tie, sweet mystic tie,
Thy fragrance grows as time speeds by,
And in the ages yet to be
Thou wilt uplift humanity.
Thy precepts taught are truth sublime,
The breath of love 'ere dawn of time,
And as the cycles onward roll,
Thy shrine will be the people's goal.

Sweet mystic tie, how strong the bands
To unite men of many lands,
To dedicate their lives to thee,
And to maintain integrity;
To live as brothers tried and true,
With love as boundless as the blue,
To all mankind upon this plane,
For we are links of one vast chain.

Sweet mystic tie, how sweet the words,
Like the love notes of cooing birds;
Sweet memories of Auld Lang Syne
Cluster like stars around thy shrine.
The many friends with whom I've sat,
The gifted men who wore the hat,

All, all have met one common fate,
They could not pass the eastern gate.

Sweet mystic tie, thy noble aim
Is greater far than wealth or fame.
The lessons taught by symbols old,
New views in life to man unfold.
Thy light will guide us to the end,
And by its aid we shall ascend
To the Grand Lodge above the blue,
To reunite with brothers true.



GLIMMERS OF TRUTH.



The sweetest of faces in visions I see,
Their eyes flashing sunshine in love's ecstasy,
Their ethereal forms are models of grace,
Which no human artist can limn or trace.
The white raiment they wear appears to our eyes,
Like the fleecy white clouds that dot the blue skies;
Their motion so graceful is charming to me,
Like sun-tinted ripples that ruffle the sea.

They are our dear friends from the great 'over there.'
And to our gross senses are subtle as air;
They come from the land that is brighter than day,
Whence no one returns, the ignorant say.
On the pinions of love they cross the divide,
In pleasure and sorrow they are at our side.
Our spirit when freed from its casket of clay
Advances one step on progression's highway.

This wonderful truth has banished our fears,
The portals are open between the two spheres.
Friends come to our side at the sunset's last glow,
As silent as shadows that flit o'er the snow.
When we enter the silence where truth doth abide,
We sense the dear presence of friends at our side;
They impress us with truth that glitters and gleams
And simpletons say we are dreamers of dreams.



THE MINISTER.



Who is it wears a mournful face,
In sorrow for the human race,
And says we are doomed to a hell-of-a-place?
The minister.

Who feels a call to teach mankind
Vain childish creeds, and makes them blind
To living truths, right reason finds?
The minister.

Whose foolish lips vain fables tell,
Of fairy mansions and a bottomless hell,
Where saints and sinners in future dwell?
The minister.

Who paints the sinner's unhappy lot
In lurid colors of priestly rot,
Amidst the flames in Pluto's pot?
The minister.

Who now believes the fairy tale
Of Balaam's ass and Jonah's whale,
And cruel bears to make us pale?
The minister.

Who cries good works are simply naught,
Unless we believe we have been bought,
And accept salvation so absurdly taught?
The minister.

Who is it we will gladly spare,
To seek his mansion in the air,
And thumb a harp-string over there?
The minister.

Who will unite in brotherly bands,
With loving hearts and friendly hands,
When old theology leaves the lands?
The people.



OUR LITTLE TOT.



On a grassy plat before the door,
A little tot runs tumbling o'er;
And as I walk along the path,
I hear the music of her laugh.
Her tangled hair glints in the sun,
In frantic haste she starts to run
And greets me with a kiss so sweet,
I beg and tease her to repeat.

The grassy plat is brown and sere,
The wintry clouds are dark and drear;

Within the house is hushed the laugh,
I used to hear beside the path.
Our little tot lies still and cold,
She has passed within the mystic fold;
A dawning smile illumines her face,
The sweet reflection of angelic grace.

Her eyes are closed in dreamless sleep,
Seeing not the tears of friends who weep,
Her ears are closed to earthly sound,
Hear not the sobs of grief profound.
Her smiling lips make no reply
To the pleading voice or piteous cry,
And impart a chill as the parting kiss
Is impressed on the face we so sadly miss.



THOUGHT.



Thought is force moving in immensity,
It exceeds in power the glowing sun,
Impelling man upward as cycles run,
Enduring as the will of Deity.
It vibrates on man's brain unceasingly,
It is the author of all music sung.
It finds expression on man's willing tongue,
Forever advancing resistlessly.
Thought is the lever that uplifts mankind
It forms the ideal to which men aspire,
The brotherhood of man upon the earth.
Thought develops activity of mind—
Before its light blind ignorance retires,
Because its weakness invites foolish mirth.

DREAM OF THE SOCIALIST.

—O—

In my dream I was awake, but in fact I was
asleep,
When I engaged my passage to sail across the
deep;
To view a modern city whose fame had crossed
the sea,
Where the people were all happy and lived in
unity.
Where no use was made of metals as a basis of
exchange,
For the medium was labor performed by hands
and brains.
The city is called Harmony and based on
Nature's plan,
And the people all co-operate in the Brotherhood
of Man.

I reached the famous city as the sun was get-
ting low,
His dazzling rays reflecting from grand temples
white as snow;
The temples were so vast they seemed reaching
to the skies,
I no longer thought of earth; I had entered
paradise.

Where the temples are eternal, not made with
human hands,
And the sweetest strains of music are entrancing
spirit bands,
Where the noblest minds impress us from the
grand supernal spheres,
For the human race are brothers traveling thru
this vale of tears.

My dreamy thoughts have vanished and I cross
the gangway o'er,
And I gaze in admiration as I view the city
more;
The wondrous skill and highest art enchant the
wondering mind,
And proves that labor is the power developing
mankind.
The dwellings all commodious each on a plat of
ground,
The air is most delicious for the sweetest flowers
abound.
The streets are wide and shaded by trees of
living green,
And are kept in perfect order by electrical ma-
chine.

The people all seem happy as through the parks
they stray,
And watch the happy children indulge in healthy
play.
I have not seen an idler, a criminal, or a jail,
I have not heard an angry curse or beggar's
mournful wail.

The people all find leisure to accomplish noble
 aims
 And the children are instructed how to cultivate
 their brains.
 The people do not labor as in the days of old,
 For machines of great perfection do all labor, I
 am told.

It does not seem a city as I view the shaded
 streets,
 And the people are so friendly when each the
 other greets;
 Their interests being mutual all views are in
 accord,
 These elements form harmony and banish all
 discord.
 The scene outside the city embracing all the
 plain,
 Is dotted o'er with houses and fields of growing
 grain;
 The scene is so inspiring it lifts my thoughts
 above
 To find an earthly heaven where all creatures
 dwell in love.

I was aroused from dreaming by the slamming
 of a door,
 Which scattered all my fancies as I walked the
 chilly floor;
 The shelter which I occupy admits the winds
 and rains,
 And my old crippled body is racked with aches
 and pains.

I always did the best I could to help the weak
along,

To lead the blind, the fallen, raise and cheer the
faint with song;

Being past my manhood's vigorous years, for
work I seek in vain,

Naught in the future can I see but poverty, filth
and pain.

My dream impressed a living truth that will up-
lift the race,

Giving to all earth's blessing and injustice rank
displace;

Which will banish broods of parasites and
hypocritical knaves,

And will bring emancipation to the hopeless,
helpless slaves.

It will give to each full value for the labor he
has done,

And demonstrate that justice upon the earth
has won.

We must develop Truth and Love with Justice
in the van,

And establish co-operation in the Brotherhood
of Man.

BROTHERS, HALT!



Brothers, halt! Lift not thy hands
 To slay thy brothers in other lands.
 They have not injured thee or thine,
 Why thus transgress the law divine?
 Whence comes the hate within thy brain?
 Thy ghoulish glee in thy brother's pain,
 Thy fiendish love to maim and kill
 Thy brother men who do no ill?

Dost find a joy amidst the shot and shell,
 In the murderous thrusts and the dying yell
 Of thy fellow creatures who are rent in twain
 By the showers of balls like a leaden rain?
 In seeing the life-blood gush in streams
 From your brother's breast where the bayonet
 gleams

On the gory fields where lie writhing men,
 Like the slaughtered beast in a butcher's pen?

Do you find a pleasure in such hideous strife,
 Where men, like fiends, seek each other's life?
 Do you ever think of the widow's dread
 Or the helpless brood who will want for bread;
 Of the aged mother whose boy was slain
 That some wily men may increase their gain
 And laugh in glee as they count the cash
 Far from the scene where the sabers clash?

Do you breathe with pleasure the sulphurous
stench
That hangs like a pall o'er the sunken trench,
Or hide behind barriers of brave comrades slain
On the blood-reddened sod of some beautiful
plain,
Where they rot like carrion exposed to the sun,
While the rich knaves at home drink to victory
won?
Try to reason, my brother, and the facts will be
plain,
That the bankers cause wars more wealth to
obtain.



LOVE IS GOD.



Great God of Love, in whom we trust,
Help us outgrow our greed and lust,
Help us expand the love confined
Within our souls to all mankind.
Touch the dormant seeds within each breast
That truth within may be expressed,
And prove in truth each is a brother
In all our actions with each other.

Great God of Light, Thou Infinite One,
We know we feel we are Thy son;
And as Thy light illumines our soul,
We faintly sense our glorious goal.
We are the ray—Thou art the light
Which floods our soul with visions bright

Of future bliss in realms above,
Where all will rise by Thy great love.

As infinite Truth we seek for Thee
And in our souls a glimmer see,
As it flashes and gleams within our breast
But our love of self keeps it suppressed.
We travel alone in a world of gloom,
With fear of death and a dismal tomb,
And we fail to know the truth sublime
That human souls must higher climb.



A FRIENDLY APPEAL.



A friendly word, my honest friend:
Your life is bright as the morning sun,
You enjoy earth's riches without end;
And for these gifts, what have you done?
Your path is smooth, no thorns or briars,
To tear the flesh from your dainty feet;
Your couch is soft when you retire
To pleasant dreams and slumber sweet.

No heavy burdens have you borne,
No hungry wolf your vitals gnaw;
For you the rose is without thorn.
And life's black miseries you never saw.
A happy home amidst flowers and trees,
Where joyous birds make music sweet,
The bark of dogs float on the breeze
A joyful welcome you to greet.

Yet other men as good as thou
Have not a place to lay their head;
Their weakened limbs and sunken brow
Are caused by want of daily bread.
Their wives are in rags, the children gaunt,
The hovel is open to wintry storms,
The fear of want forever haunts,
And chills the blood that never warms.

You have a duty here, my friend,
For all are brothers on this plane;
Go, help the needy, the weak befriend,
The help you give you will find again.
Conditions here control us all,
Injustice rank oppresses the poor,
It is our Father gives us all,
And each should have a bounteous store.



NO SOUL WALKS ALONE.



No soul walks alone
On this earthly plane,
Though possessed of all riches
The earth may contain.

No soul moves alone
But, as a drop in the sea,
It moves with the current
Of all humanity.

No soul will advance
Nor reach the high goal,
But will only progress

With the infinite whole;
 For our love must expand
 And reach down to the deeps,
 Where the lowest and vilest
 Of humanity sleeps.

No soul is alone,
 And when appalled by life's storms,
 There are friends always near
 Whose invisible forms
 We cannot perceive;
 But we are often impressed
 With such sweet, helpful thoughts
 We find comfort and rest.

No soul will be lost,
 We shall all reach the goal;
 For Infinite love
 Must embrace every soul.
 We may wander from right
 And be sunk in the mire,
 But the Gate stands ajar
 When we wish to aspire.

REFILL OUR TORCH.

—O—

Refill the torch of liberty
Its light is growing pale,
Dark storm clouds are appearing
And portend a furious gale;
We will need its light to guide us
When the tempest round us roars,
And float our flag triumphant
Not extinguished as the Boers.

Our liberty is in danger,
We have foes within each state
Who are worshippers of Mammon
And of royal titles great;
With ambition for an empire
And an army that is vast,
To subjugate the people
And wrench freedom from our grasp.

Its light must grow much brighter,
And illumine our sluggish brain,
Or imperialism will blight us
As it did with sunny Spain.
We are drawing near the crisis,
And our foes are growing bold;
And are crushing weaker peoples
As the pirates did of old.

We are sending o'er the ocean
 Hosts of men to alien shore,
 Hungering for our brother's birthright
 As dead empires have before.
 Dark the shades of night are falling,
 On our great republic's name;
 Butchering men who fight for freedom
 Is our present blighting shame.



SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.



Why do we look with smiling eyes
 Upon the struggling men,
 Who fight to win a worthless prize
 Like wild beasts in a pen.
 We do not know the reason why
 Nor can we well explain
 Why men prefer a base alloy
 To spiritual gain.

We gaze upon the ocean wide
 Of poor humanity;
 The floating wrecks sink side by side
 Into eternity.
 Caught like moths, they are destroyed,
 By an illusive light,
 Seeking gold, basely alloyed,
 In place of truth and right.

We watch the rush of selfish men
 To gain the mountain crest.
 They stumble, fall and rise again

By trampling down the rest.
By vicious means they gain the prize
But at a fearful cost,
The severing of human ties
And noble manhood lost.

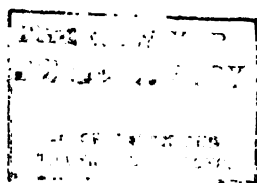


THE OPTIMIST.



He beholds the sun's great splendor,
Though dark clouds obscure its light
As our earth-born selfish passions
Smother Justice, Truth and Right.
He admires the silvery lining
Of the storm-clouds swirling by,
And he says life's storms are transient
As the shadows fleeting by.

His hope is always glowing,
And inspires the soul with fear
With the truth that man is growing,
To a higher, broader sphere,
And our earthly trials are lessons
Which develop the human soul
In its never-ceasing journey
To reach the perfect goal.





MRS. ANNIE EDMISTON.

MY WIFE.

—o—

Far brighter than sunshine
 From the great orb of day,
 And kissing the woodbine
 Makes the day fade away,
 Is the smile of my wife
 In whose eyes I can trace
 All the goodness in life
 That pertains to the race.

Far sweeter than nectar
 Is the charm of her way,
 Her spirit's reflector
 As it lives day by day.
 Its bright luster remains
 Without tarnish or rust,
 Until nature ordains
 It be freed from the dust.

More beauteous to me
 Than bright stars in the skies,
 Is the light that I see
 In my wife's smiling eyes.
 'Tis the love in her heart
 For her children and me;
 Of her life the great part
 She is love's devotee.

When we reach the great goal
Just across the divide,
I believe my wife's soul
Will with me still abide.
Reunited again
On that evergreen shore,
To rise plane above plane
To eternity's door.



THE PLUTOCRAT.



He vows he loves the workingman,
More dearly than fine health,
And to insure him happiness,
Deprives him of all wealth;
For riches oft breed vices
And lead men far from well,
Amidst the fumes of sulphur
And the flames of burning hell.

He loves the workman's blindness,
And because he will not see
That if his wealth is stolen
He must drudge in poverty.
He loves to share the earnings
Of the needy and distressed
And increase the hours of labor
Of the sickly and oppressed.

He admires the toiler's dullness
And his lack of common sense
In submitting to be plundered

By vile shams and base pretense.
He loves men as the shepherd
Loves the sheep within the fold,
To sell the fleece in springtime
And the carcass when it's old.

He adores the patient toiler
And compares him to the ox,
That plods beneath the heavy yoke
Amongst the roots and rocks.
Yes, he loves his fellow creatures,
With love that is sublime;
And he loves the workman's dollar
And he takes it ev'ry time.

—o—

THE INNOCENT FROGS.

—o—

In a beautiful swamp o'ergrown with bogs
Lived in sweet simplicity some innocent frogs;
They lived free from care and dined on flies
They enjoyed on earth a frog's paradise.
Each one could jump and catch his bug
And with a header go ker-chug;
And with a spring and active jump
Would strike the water from a stump.

They were all free and did as they chose,
Never had strife or came to blows;
Each used his skill the fly to catch
And with leisure time to jump a match;
Each sang his best when the night had come
And swelled the chorus in jug-o-rum.

Thus passed away each day and night,
Giving the farmers great delight.

Among the frogs, I wish to state
That none were small and others great;
Each one was happy and feeling well,
Though some did croak and fables tell
Of other frogs not near so great,
Who kept a boss in royal state
And made the laws for all the frogs
That swam and dived amongst the bogs.
This fairy tale did them inspire
With great respect for the cunning liar,
And being elated at the tidings great,
The glib-tongued liar was elected in state
And framed great laws in rings of smoke
To throttle the voice of any who croak;
And would guide them onward as a heavenly band
Of amphibious angels on sea and land.

The laws were embossed on tablets fine,
Stating the boss was annointed by God divine.
One law in particular, in language strong,
Announced that the boss could do no wrong.
He must have slaves on him to wait
And taxes be levied to boom the great.
The frogs must toil longer with less return
Or be cast into hell as faggots to burn.

The unhappy frogs did now repent,
For all their time was busily spent
In hunting bugs for the royal boss,
Who burdened them sore with a heavy cross.
Their active legs began to shrink,

And many began to take strong drink,
Doing great damage to the handsome bog
And swearing the boss was a devilish hog.

The bugs and flies had so decreased
The common frogs had seldom a feast;
Yet the boss divine in fatness grew,
Having bugs and flies in every stew.
The frogs were starving, for the flies were ate
By the thieving boss in royal state;
E'en the baby frogs did not progress
Beyond the tadpole state or less.

Soon there appeared a dangerous frog,
Spreading discontent amongst the bog;
Being well equipped with common sense,
He enlightened the many, but gave great offense
To the royal knave who plundered the frogs,
Causing death and disease amongst the bogs.
The demoralized frogs some wisdom found
And buried the boss deep underground.



EXPANSION.



Expansion has a meaning the poor well under-
stand,
We enjoy this special luxury within our home
and land;
Here the plutes have expanded, there is little
more to gain,
So the greedy ghoulish vampires want the isles
of pauper Spain;

Where the people have been looted by the Span-
ish Dons and priests
Our gangs of lawful pirates may in future have
their feasts.
Their right is most divine for they have the
yellow gold
That is plundered from the toiler and the wage
of virtue sold.

Expansion has a phase that does thinking minds
attract
'Tis in ratio of expansion that all private rights
contract.
So if this force continue a fracture must ensue
And will prove most beneficial in destroying
thieving crew.
The force thus generated is the steam from hel-
lish greed,
And the fuel furnishing heat is the blood of those
in need.
The wails of starving children while parents curse
and groan,
Sounds like music in the ears of plutes who dia-
monds own.

Expansion is most dangerous when of plutocratic
breed.
It blights the light of reason and of crimes the
fruitful seed.
They would steal the highest mountain whose
top is ice and snow
If they knew that wealth were hidden in the
rocky base below.

They will steal the fertile valley that produces
 fruit and grain,
 And plunder slaving toilers causing misery and
 pain,
 They would steal the blazing sun and sell his
 shining rays
 To the toiling foolish dolts who desire no bet-
 ter ways.

Expansion has a phase that will develop the hu-
 man race,
 That will fill all homes with plenty and smiles
 to every face.
 It is a germ implanted in the souls of all man-
 kind,
 And its limit of expansion has never been de-
 fined.
 It can be made to blossom with a sympathetic
 tear
 If we live in truth and justice the flower will
 appear;
 When we smother selfish greed this germ will so
 expand,
 It will embrace humanity in a co-operative band.

MR. GRABALL.

—o—

Mr. Graball is rich in vast railroads and lands,
He holdeth the lives of the poor in his hands;
Of steamships and coal mines, of silver and gold,
His treasure is vast like the barons of old.
He is the great foe of the hard toiling men,
He lives in a palace—the poor in a pen,
He owns all the earth and now longs for the sky,
To grab the air mansions to rent by and by.

Mr. Graball is selfish, his sensitive brain
Is under control of the spirit of gain;
The cries of the poor are unheeded by him;
He sees not the specter of want gaunt and grim;
The cupboard quite empty he does not behold,
Nor the famine-drawn faces rigid with cold;
He sees not, he feels not, he knows not the crimes
He commits on the poor by stealing their dimes.

Mr. Graball's a type of the prosperous man,
Who in business ways exacts all he can;
In church he is known as a man purified
By the blood of a man who was once crucified;
He is not a thinker, his God is bright gold,
By his faith he expects to enter God's fold;
He does not look inward to know his own soul—
To be just to mankind will win him the goal.

INWARD PEACE.

—o—

I hear the music of the spheres,
 Sweet melodies sounding afar;
 The strains harmonious and clear,
 Must issue from the gates ajar.
 I hear it in the gentle breeze,
 I hear it in the tempest wild;
 But only when I feel at ease
 And happy as a laughing child.

When angry thoughts like billows roll
 And bear it on its foaming crest,
 We feel the turmoil in the soul,
 And peace forsakes our troubled breast.
 It is altruism gives repose;—
 An inward peace that naught can mar
 Our fount of love which outward flows
 Like music from this gate ajar.

Our love of self impairs our sight,
 And others' rights we fail to see;
 It is a transcient mental blight,
 Inherent in humanity.
 Our selfish love we will outgrow,
 And love divine bright as a star
 Will make our lives like sunshine glow,
 Like life within the gates ajar

The gates ajar, how sweet the thought,
Its mystic portals open stay;
Returning friends the proof have brought,
And fear of death has flown away.
Dear friends, rejoice, lift up thine eyes,
Our missing friends live not afar;
It cannot be God's paradise
Saint Peter closes with a bar.



OUR MINNIE.

—O—

Dearest Minnie you have left us,
You have crossed the great abyss;
How we miss your soft caresses
And the tender lingering kiss.
How our hearts were rent with anguish,
When your form lay racked with pain;
Weary months we saw you languish,
And our fondest hopes proved vain.

We miss thy presence, Minnie, dear,
Bright sunny days bring no relief;
We know thy spirit lingers near,
A witness to our hopeless grief.
Our mutual love forms a tie
That will outlive the brightest star;
The spirit world around us lie,
Its portals ever stand ajar.

We miss the music of thy voice,
Now you are with the angel band;
Sometime we will with you rejoice,

It will be in the summer-land.
 Thy footsteps are so noiseless, dear,
 We do not hear them day or night;
 Sometimes I feel that you are here
 I wish I had clairvoyant sight.



RAYS OF LIGHT.



In a deep and rocky grot,
 In a wild, secluded spot,
 Dwells a hermit gray with age,
 Having wisdom of a sage.
 On a bed of leaves and hay,
 In a trance, he quiet lay,
 Reading visions in the sky
 With a clear, clairvoyant eye.

Lo, he speaks, I hear him say—
 "Man is growing day by day,
 Rising upward from the slime,
 To attain to heights sublime.
 Through the ages I behold
 Spirit struggling to unfold,
 Rising through the kingdoms three
 To evolve humanity.

"Crude conditions still exist,
 Soon to fade away like mist,
 Lo, behold, I see the dawn,
 Brotherhood on earth is born;

Truth and justice here will reign,
Ignorance cannot remain;
Human rights are human needs,
Not belief in baseless creeds.

"Reason is the bright sunshine,
Flowing from the fount divine;
By its light the spirit grows,
Ignorance it overthrows.
Superstition fades away
In the light of reason's ray;
As the germ of love expands,
Then obey its just commands."



LIGHT AND SHADOW.

—o—

In woodland deep I love to stray,
In the soft light of closing day;
I listen to the mournful breeze
Sing its sad dirge amidst the trees;
To watch the silent shadows grow,
When the sun-god is sinking low;
To sit upon a mossy stone,
To muse and dream when quite alone.

Nay, not alone—my spirit guide
Is always present at my side;
Invisible to mortal sight,
He guides by day and guides by night.
His subtle presence we can sense,
When ignorance is not too dense;

When we respond to helpful thought,
A higher lesson we've been taught.

Man is the shadow of the real,
Our spirit sense the true ideal;
We now are in the spirit sphere,
Our spirit friends are with us here,
Clairvoyant sight pierces the gloom
And views the realm beyond the tomb;
Spirit and matter interblend
Without beginning, without end.



BE STRENUOUS.



Be strenuous to win a name
That will outlive the sun's bright flame;
In moral ways exert thy might,
To safely guard the people's right.
Let noble deeds crown thee with fame,
Let future ages bless thy name;
To liberty maintain thy right,
But do not be a blatherskite.

Be strenuous in doing good,
Observe the ties of brotherhood;
In all thy acts be true and just;
In all the people place thy trust;
Denounce the crimes that emanate
From men who should protect the State,
The right to live is man's birthright,
But do not be a parasite.

Seek for truth—the inner light—
The “still, small voice” will guide thee right;
Vile deeds of blood man must abhor—
The love of gold impels to war.
It is the strong who wrong the weak—
'Tis worldly wealth the selfish seek,
Help to direct mankind aright,
But do not be a hypocrite.

In politics eschew the dirt,
Nor with temptation idly flirt;
Integrity we must maintain—
The people's rights we will regain.
The plutocrats we must expel—
The Devil wants them all in hell.
Begin to act! Don't be a clam!
Empty praise isn't worth a —.



THE DEAR OLD MAID.

—o—

Whose soft, cool hand has often lain
Upon the fever-stricken brain
To ease the agony of pain?
The dear old maid.

Whose fount of love forever flows
In sympathy with human woes?
Whose influence brings sweet repose?
The dear old maid.

Who is it tries with simple grace,
The love light shining in her face,
To fill an absent mother's place?
The dear old maid.

Who is the friend on whom we lean
To make the conscience feel serene
When trouble comes old friends between?
The dear old maid.

Who is the one in whom we trust,
Whose reasoning is true and just
When in life's vortex we are thrust?
The dear old maid.

Whose flame of life will brighter glow
When the earthly form lies deep below
The grassy mound where daisies blow?
The dear old maid.



MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.

—o—

The old chair is vacant,
Its rockers at rest,
My mother has entered
The realm of the blest.
Her form lies asleep
On the brow of the hill,
And her spirit is near
And impresses me still.

She loved the old chair,
And in it would rock,

And the bright needles flashed
As she darned an old sock;
On her shoulders a shawl,
A white cap on her head—
I can see her sweet face,
Though long years have fled.

In the heat of the day.
And her duties all o'er,
She would place the old chair
On the porch by the door.
With a book on her lap,
And with spec's on the nose,
Fatigue closed her eyes
And she dropped in a doze.

She would doze for a spell,
And awake with a start;
Off her lap slipped the book,
And old Morpheus depart;
The clatter and bustle,
And her look of surprise,
As I gave her the book
Brings the dew in my eyes.

The old chair will exist,
A link in the chain
Of my life's recollections,
Of its pleasures and pain,
Of a fond mother's love,
Of her hopes and her fears,
And the troubles I caused
Fill my eyes with hot tears.

GO TO WORK.



Go to work, go to work! Make no longer delay,
 Bringing truth into light will give freedom today.
 'Tis the ignorance of men that cause wrongs to
 exist,

For a spark of right reason will dissolve all the
 mist.

Awake to the wrongs that on earth now prevail,
 The people are starving and labor must fail.
 The cries of poor children for bread are in vain
 While the earth gives abundance all lives to sus-
 tain.

Go to work, go to work! Arouse all mankind.
 Bring sight to the eyes that have always been
 blind.

Bring thought to the brains lying dormant and
 dead,

That all men are brothers and all must have bread.
 Bring the X-ray of justice to show through the
 mire

Why the millions are trampled that the few may
 climb higher.

Why the men who don't labor vast treasures
 obtain

And control the resources of nature's domain.

Go to work, go to work! Go to work with a
will

Or the people, like swine, must exist upon swill.
Bring facts to your aid and work up a cinch
That justice may conquer when forced to the
clinch.

Be strong in conviction and establish a boom
Or dull slaves in subjection will be humanity's
doom.

When fighting for justice o'er the graves of the
slain

Fight on to the finish and your manhood main-
tain.



IMMORTALITY.

—o—

Why should not the spirit of mortal feel vain?
For life is immortal and eternal will reign.
'Tis a frail house of clay we enclose in a shroud,
Whose form is as fleeting as the white fleecy
cloud.

We place it away in the dark silent tomb,
And its spirit set free bursts forth into bloom,
Where the flowers do not wither nor fade from
our sight

In the garden supernal, in the realm of light.

Why should not the spirit of mortal feel vain?
For eternal progression in the psychic domain;
The bodies we wear are the garments of earth,
And are cast off at death for the spirit's new
birth;

They fade as the blossoms that bloom for a day,
Or the visions in dreams that soon vanish away;
But the spirit of mortal when freed from earth's
ties

Will advance and progress in the soul's paradise.

Why should not the spirit of mortal feel vain?
For the spirits who love are united again;
As the veil is withdrawn by the angels of light,
We behold the new dawn as the old fades from
sight;

Our bodies outgrown are consigned to the grave,
The forms being transient as the foam-crested
wave,

And the spirit of mortal as the eternities roll,
Will unceasingly seek for its ultimate goal.



THE PESSIMIST.



The Pessimist looks with jaundiced eyes
On this wonderful earth and the sun-lit skies;
He perceives no glory in the rising Sun,
Nor admires bright Luna, when the day is done.
The azure dome to him looks drear,
And a threatening storm is drawing near;—
He lives amidst shadows and sees thro' a mist;
A most pitiable creature is the sad Pessimist.

The Pessimist lives in a vale of tears,
His hopes are dead as the vanished years;
No glimmer of light illumines his brain;
The world turns backward and progression is vain.

He delves in the dust of Antiquity's tomb,
 Exhuming crude ideals the world to illumine.
 They were born when earth was enveloped in mist
 And are worshipped as gods by the sad Pessimist.

All goodness is fading away like the dew,
 And men are degenerates who seek for the true;
 E'en the sun is decreasing in power and light,
 And the earth will decay in shadowless night;
 Perfection once bloomed on this grand old ball,
 But died when Mother Eve caused Adam to fall.
 As the bright touch of reason disperses the mist,
 Let us hope it will brighten the sad Pessimist.



KIPLING'S LIGHT.



Its light is as clear as Luna's bright face,
 Yet is sadly deficient in spiritual grace;
 No sweet rays of hope appear in its glow,
 To cheer the sad heart or to lighten its woe.
 There is no trace of love in its wondrous flame
 For the poor wretched souls who must wallow
 in shame;
 It glows not for freedom; it is not in the van
 To relieve the oppression of downtrodden man.

'Tis a will o' the wisp—a misleading light;
 For the vilest of crimes it sanctions as right.
 Its light is reflection from the glittering gold
 That flows to its coffers for the wrongs it up-
 holds.

It cast a bright halo o'er the blood-reddened sod
Where poor creatures are slaughtered for the
glory of God;
But no ray ever lightens the great cities' slums,
Where the poor and the wretched are called "idle
bums."

It is casting no gleam on the woes of mankind,
And the crimes of the rich are classed as divine.
Its flame is of earth and feeds on self-love,
Being too gross to aspire for an Eden of love.
Its flame will not last, nor will lead men astray;
It is fast growing dim and will flicker away.
'Tis but a reflection from the gold's shining sheen
And will fade as the phantom we see in a
dream.



AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE.

—o—

Man is not a groveling worm,
Down in the dust to twist and squirm;
As rays of the Deific Light,
Man is God Junior by birthright.
Man's life on earth is but a dream,
A ripple on life's endless stream;
Soul-consciousness man here acquires,
To higher realms his soul aspires.

The fables taught to lift mankind
Retard soul-growth and dwarf the mind.
False conceptions of man's estate,
Creeds and dogmas perpetuate.

"Man, know thyself," is truth sublime,
And brighter beams with lapse of time;
Truth dwells within each human soul,
Seek, thou, within the spirit's goal.

Man, like a rose, will fade away,
But not to die, man lives for aye;
Without beginning, without end,
To higher spheres he will ascend.
Upon love's wing the soul will rise,
The ego's goal is Paradise;
All creeds and dogmas count for naught,
The human soul has not been bought.



PLEASURE.



Pleasure is a fleeting thing,
Ever speeding on the wing;
We must seize it as it flies,
Waiting not for brighter skies.
As the sunbeam on the floor,
Skips and dances o'er and o'er
And eludes our eager clasp,
So flits pleasure from our grasp.

The transient joys to which we cling
Ofttimes impart a grievous sting,
Veiling in gloom the sunlit skies
To which our aspirations rise.
We travel in woe life's pathway o'er,
And vanishing hopes sink lower and lower,
And the good in life escapes our grasp
In our foolish haste the reflection to clasp.

THE BIGOT.

—o—

His horizon is limited,
 Because he builds a wall
 Around his mental faculties,
 And always keeps them small.
 To him, all joys are vicious,
 And will lead us where 'tis hot,
 Unless we heed the counsel
 Of the fossilized bigot.

All new thoughts when imparted
 To the bigot in his cell,
 Will be repulsed with anger,
 And will very quickly tell
 That your soul is surely damned,
 If you leave the old time rut,
 For 'tis Satan lures you on,
 Says the brainless Lilliput.

The sunshine is not clear,
 But within the bigot's wall,
 If we desire some pleasure here,
 We are in the Devil's thrall.
 Our own path cannot lead us
 To a happy future state,
 For the one the bigot travels
 Leads to the only gate.

MASONRY.



All hail to Masonry divine,
Long may it live in bright sunshine
The ties of love to intertwine
Around its sacred mystic shrine.

Hail to the Master in the east,
Instructor in the mental feast
Without the vestments of a priest,
External garments are the least.

Look to the west the senior stands
To satisfy the just demands
Of brother men of many lands,
Fulfilling all the law commands.

Look to the south at noon recess,
There stands the junior to suppress
The inclination to excess
That none will suffer sore distress.

Hail to the men from bondage free
Who find the light in Masonry,
Who aim to lift humanity
Above distress and poverty.

True brotherhood is their ideal,
To aid and help the common weal

For human woes they always feel,
To one Grand Master only kneel.

We lend greeting to Masons free
On mother earth where'er they be,
The true ideal fraternity,
Enduring as eternity.



OBSERVATIONS.

—o—

I have soared above great cities,
 Listening to the ceaseless roar,
That resounds like mighty billows
 Breaking on some rockbound shore.
I have viewed the masses surging,
 Like the waves upon the sea,
And they seemed to be emerging
 From the bounds of knavery.

In the slums where life is blacker
 Than the fabled mouth of hell,
There exists such base oppression,
 Of which language fails to tell.
In that human seething whirlpool,
 Where poor souls in anguish cry,
I can see the love-gleam glimmer
 That will free them by and by.

There are homes where wealth is squandered
 By the non-producing class,
Who drain the blood of labor
 And treat him as an ass.

Where grand churches are erected
To the Father of us all,
But unless you own a Kohinoor
You are not desired to call.

Where the golden calf is worshipped
By the saints of present days,
Dressed in costly silk and jewels.
And for which the toiler pays.
But the toiler is developing
This thought within his brain,
That in union there is power enough
All human rights to gain.



BE COMFORTED.



Be comforted, the wise man said
To friends who stood around the bier;
'Tis but the form lies cold and dead;
Your friend now lives on higher sphere.
Death's subtle change is Nature's way
To free the spirit from its bonds;
Death is the door to endless day—
The mystic realm of the beyond.

We should not mourn when friends depart,
'Tis like the setting of the sun;—
They do not live from us apart,
They view a brighter horizon.
They often visit us in dreams,
We feel the impress of a kiss;—

How sweet and natural it seems,
The acme of pure earthly bliss.

We hear the ignorant call it
Hallucination of the mind;
They cannot realize God's spirit
Is made manifest in mankind.
Arisen spirits do return—
Angelic messengers of light—
To cheer the souls of those who mourn,
To make the future look more bright.



IS SALVATION TRUE?

—o—

Salvation true? We have a doubt
If pious men who sing and shout
Quite understand the spirit route,
Or know just what they preach about.
To save helpless humanity
They form a God in trinity,
Each part of which is Deity,
A very puzzling mystery.
They form indeed a mighty host,
Including Father, Son and Ghost.
This man-made God of whom they boast,
Of foolish rot this is the most.
To save your soul you must believe
The plan those pious men conceive
As the most likely to relieve
Your foolish fears—they cash receive.
The legend old, we know it well,

The one the parsons love to tell,
How Grandma Eve and Adam fell,
And we poor souls are bound for hell.
How wily Satan was the snake
Impelling Eve the fruit to take,
How Adam also did partake,
And then in fear began to quake.
He laid the blame on helpless Eve
His worthless manhood to retrieve,
Claiming in truth she did deceive;
A coward's act you will perceive.
The Devil now comes into view
The phantom fiend old Adam knew,
Who dominates a hellish crew,
Impelling men base deeds to do.
To doubt this lie you must not dare;
To shelter in the churches care
You will elude the Devil's snare,
The priests and parsons all declare.
Those tales are taught in Christian schools;
Our God is great but Satan rules.
This absurd rot religion cools—
The men who think are simple fools.

CONDITIONS.



The world is a stage and mankind are the actors,
 Our life is a battle from birth to decay;
 Vile laws and our ignorance are principal factors,
 Enslaving the people in a devilish way.
 The worship of mammon has existed for ages,
 And the earth has been drenched with the blood
 of the slain;
 The mind is appalled as it reads the red pages,
 Of murderous wars on Nature's domain.

The king and his brood of vile robbers are passing
 They are fading away like the dew in the sun;
 The leaven of reason is always progressing,
 And the flow of right thought is victory won.
 The people set free from the bondage of ages,
 Will arise as a unit and obtain equal rights—
 And the heaven foretold by the seers and sages,
 Will arise on the ashes of bloodshed and might.

Let tyrants and rulers in future take warning,
 Let parsons and priests and judges step down,
 For justice is coming as bright as the morning,
 Adorned with a halo in place of a crown.
 The useless washbuckler, the fakirs and drones
 Will be toiling for food on land and on sea,

For justice triumphant will rule all the zones,
And all people will live in sweet harmony.

God Mammon will wane as progression advances,
To live only in legends in the ages to be;
And be read to the people as fairy romances,
Like the story of Jesus who walked on the sea.
All wealth will be common, all people producers,
The "plute" or the beggar no longer be known,
And the vile brood of vampires who bleed the pro-
ducers
No longer will darken the bright horizon.



JUST COMMON FOLKS.

—o—

I have never felt regret,
Seldom having cause to fret,
Since the day when first I met
Annie dear.

You may meet with your soul mate
When you pass Saint Peter's gate,
But the mysteries of fate
Are not clear.

What man needs upon this side,
When he struggles with life's tide,
Is a woman who can guide,
Always near.

Happy day when first I saw
Annie's features without flaw,

Moulded by the subtle law—
Of purity.

When I saw her eyes of gray,
Flashing sunshine all the day,
I fell captive by their sway,
Submissively.

Her slender form, trim and neat,
Made my heart more quickly beat,
When we met upon the street
Frequently.

At the question, will you wed?
Modestly she bent her head,
And in whispers coyly said,
"Yes, my dear."

"When you will, I'm ready, dear,
For I feel you are sincere,
And the future I don't fear
With you near."

In due time the nuptial tie
Bound as one Nancy and I,
Until one of us shall die—
Rather queer.

Five and thirty years have fled,
Since the day when we were wed,
But the old love is not dead—
It brighter glows.

Many trials we have known,
But the phantoms they have flown,
To the realm of the unknown,
As we suppose.

Floating lightly down the stream,
Looking backward seems a dream,
Fading like the sunset gleam
At daylight's close.



HAIL, IMMORTAL SPIRIT.



Hail! Immortal Spirit of the ages,
Inspirer of mankind to seek the light,
Great Illuminator of the sages
Whose mystic visions transcend human sight,
Thy restless force impels to action
The slumbering energies of man's soul,
In forms progressive we near perfection
And thro' the gloom we sense the spirit goal.

Mysterious and eternal spirit,
Incomprehensible to finite mind,
Man's ego thy attributes inherit,
In physical forms we expression find.
Invisible to thy creature's vision,
When within the silence we sense thee near,
In thy boundless love we find provision
For our advancement on a higher sphere.

SOCIALISM.

—o—

Socialism sweet child of sorrow,
Spurned to day, received tomorrow.
Reviled and jeered like one of old
Who was crucified for truths he told.
You are accursed by men of greed
And spurned by others with a creed
Sneered at by men who teach the blind;
The way to heaven is hard to find.

Thy early birth came with the light
As human guide to live aright;
In early youth clear as the day,
When bathed in light of sun's bright ray
You were the guide of simple men,
For none were skilled as pirates then.
Then all were free to earn their food
The right divine of all manhood.

A dreadful crime the thieves all shout
Should socialism drive us out;
Yet 'tis the teachings of the man
On which they base salvation's plan.
The worthy parsons know 'tis true
But they all want fat salaries too.
The Kings divine and plundering plutes
Force honest dolts below the brutes.

The simple man who daily digs,
And with his family live like pigs,
Will save along while sunshine's bright
And knows no wrong to young lives blight.
Nor ever dreams that they may want
Protection from his wolfship gaunt,
Or his little children cry and wail
Without a shelter from snow and hail.

This degradation of the human race
Is a living problem all must face.
If not abolished the fabled hell
Would be a better place to dwell.
Inherent greed comes first in line,
Nor is might right if called divine.
Develop intelligence in the human brain,
Then honest dolts will rights regain.



BEGGARS.



If annoyed by starving beggars,
Who appeal to you for aid,
Do not pierce their hearts with daggers,
Nor deliver a fierce tirade,
As they are our weaker brothers,
And are plundered by the strong,
We are guilty as the robbers,
When we don't prevent the wrong.

Do not preach a pious sermon
To the man who asks for bread,

About the worn out demon
 That will roast him when he's dead ;
 Nor describe the heavenly glories
 That await the pure and good.
 A helping hand instead of stories
 Will provide the needful food.

Human life is endless warfare,
 Right and wrong are eternal foes ;
 Right conserves each other's welfare,
 Wrong o'erwhelms mankind in woes.
 Right is forever on the scaffold.
 Wrong sits enthroned in royal state.
 Men seeking justice are always baffled,
 Because they don't consolidate.

No human creature should suffer want.
 The earth to all mankind is free.
 No frightful spectre grim and gaunt,
 Should haunt with fear humanity.
 We must make a vigorous protest,
 And to strenuous men give aid,
 To have social crimes suppressed,
 And no beggar will need aid.

INJUSTICE.

—o—

The poor have little here below
To keep them well and strong,
The lands they till with plow and hoe
To parasites belong.
The grain they sow and also reap
In wretchedness and pain,
Nature's returns the pirates keep
To speculate for gain.

The toiler is a foolish ass,
His labor brings him naught,
The pasture lot is short of grass,
His brain is void of thought.
The parasites will bleed him more,
His strength will ebb away,
His children beg from door to door
And famish day by day.

Demand for men is on the wane,
The workman's end draws nigh,
His resurrection will prove vain
When he lets manhood die.
Long years of wrong have made him dull,
A brother to the ox,
The brain lies dead wthin his skull
Like peas within a box.

He does not, know the joys of life,
 Nor do the fetters gall
 That keep him constantly in strife
 At Mammon's greedy call.
 He plods along his dreary way
 Without one gleam of hope,
 It makes the parasites feel gay
 To see the helpless dope.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

—o—

When I am dead let no friend weep,
 My weary form finds rest in sleep,
 No more to wake on earthly sphere,
 No more to smile or drop a tear,
 No more to toil 'neath blazing sun,
 My day is o'er my work is done.
 Let mother earth hide my remains—
 My spirit freed seeks higher planes.

No friend should mourn at my demise,
 Death opes the gates to paradise,
 And we rejoin friends gone before,
 And friendly hands we clasp once more.
 A mother's smile a mother's kiss,
 Greet us across the dark abyss;
 A father's arms once more embrace,
 And finds for us a resting place.

My earthly form I have outgrown,
 My mother earth reclaims her own;
 Its elements again will blend,

With other forms again will end.
Again will change, naught ever dies,
This fact we all must recognize,
Man's destiny is to progress,
Eternity is limitless.

A parting word to friends I leave:
No creed or dogma I believe,
No man of cant call to my bier;
My future fate I do not fear;
No priestly plan will ever save
Parson or priest, a saint or knave.
Act to each one a brother's part
And fear will leave your anxious heart.



TELEPATHY.



Speeding thru the subtile ether,
Helpful thoughts and love divine
From the soul of tender mother
Seek the distant Philippines.
There to touch a brain receptive
And impress her message plain—
That her spirit during slumber
Seeks her darling boy again.

He is feeling sad and lonely
As he paces o'er his beat;
Thoughts of home impress him strongly,
And his mother's face so sweet.

Watching when the moonlight glimmers
 And the darkest shadows lie,
 There appears a misty figure
 To the sentry's anxious eye.
 Somewhat strange and yet familiar,
 Seems the figure drawing near;
 Then he saw his mothers features,
 When the vision had grown clear.

Deep amazement held him silent
 As the vision brighter shone;
 In eager haste he tries to clasp her,
 But she had vanished—he was alone.
 His eager eyes saw naught but moonlight
 As he looked around in vain
 To see once more his loving mother,
 Whose earnest message touched his brain.



DEVELOP THOUGHT.



Awaken the power lying dormant for ages,
 Entombed yet alive in the brain of mankind,
 The light that illumined the brains of the sages,
 Who have blazed a safe path for the feet of
 the blind.
 Open wide the tomb's portals and bring forth
 into action,
 The power lying dormant within the gray cell,
 Let it burst forth in splendor for the peoples'
 protection,
 And a heaven will rise on the ruins of hell.

Ignorance is weakness and the cause of destruction,
As witness the nations long gone to decay;
The great power of thought is employed in construction,
And blesses the people like the great orb of day.
Too long thought has lain in the realm of slumber,
And a black veil of ignorance obscures our sight;
Let the power of thought rend the black veil asunder,
And the brain will develop truth, justice and right.

When man first appeared as lord of creation,
His brain cells were few and the animal kind;
A cave in the rocks was his first habitation,
And as ages passed by he developed a mind.
His brain cells increased as thought became active,
And thought became awakened by hunger and cold,
His conditions and environments made him aggressive,
And cunning and skill made him fearless and bold.

The cave man has vanished but his methods survive
In our competitive system, vile, barbarous and crude;
In our struggle for life animal instincts revive

And evolution is slowly unfolding the good.
 Religion has failed to assist our progression,
 Its aim, always selfish, is to dominate man;
 Knowledge is power and a foe to oppression,
 And reason the acme of perfection in man.



BROTHERS, LISTEN.



Brothers, listen to the groaning borne upon the
 passing breeze,
 Sadder than the tempests' moanings when in con-
 flict with the seas.
 Hear the cries of human creatures ground beneath
 the heel of greed;
 Prayers of mothers for their children to the God
 of justice plead;
 Maidens fair and frail as lilies, spotless as the
 virgin snow,
 Float like debris on the billows ever surging to
 and fro;
 Starving children seek the gutters to enjoy the
 bright sunshine,
 Clothed in rags, ill and feeble, of less value than
 the swine.

Brothers, listen to the promptings of the spirit
 in thy breast,
 We are recreant to duty when the poor are so
 oppressed.
 We are selfish in our nature, we must let our love
 extend

To the weakest human creature and his life we
must defend.
We are our brother's keeper, we must insure his
liberty,
It is the keystone in the arch which contains hu-
manity.
We are ever rising higher as the ages onward
speed,
And the worshippers of mammon are outgrowing
selfish greed.

Brothers, listen in the silence to the music of the
spheres,
It has inspired philosophers, wise sages and clear
seers;
To uplift the human family is the great aim of
life,
To inculcate the power of love to banish selfish
strife;
This vivid truth is immortal, 'tis the savior of
mankind,
It illumines the path of progress, 'tis a light to
guide the blind,
'Tis an attribute of Deity, inherent in the soul,
Mankind are spirit entities, parts of the infinite
whole.

COMPETITION.

—O—

Aye, pull the crumbling system down,
 It breeds disease and death,
 It poisons country, village, town,
 With pestilential breath.
 We meet its victims as we tread
 The city's reeking street,
 With pleading voice asking for bread
 And surplus scraps of meat.

Aye, sink its walls below the dust,
 Its usefulness is past,
 Its strength consists in greed and lust,
 Built on the poor outcast.
 Its poisonous fangs must be drawn,
 By honest men and true,
 Brave, noble men who see the dawn,
 Will build a system new.

Aye, rend its carcass piece by piece,
 And feed it to the dogs;
 The birth of parasites will cease—
 And so will human hogs.
 Old Mother Earth will make for man,
 Her store of wealth is free;
 But kings divine and pirates plan
 To rob humanity.

Aye, look upon your brother man
And view his squalid home,
His shrunken limbs and visage wan,
His almost brainless dome.
Crushed beneath greed's tyrant heel,
The spark of mankind dies;
Go, ask pardon when you kneel
For your neglected ties.



IGNORANCE.



Why do men fear the lightning's flash,
And fearlessly base warfare wage?
Why do we dread the thunder's crash,
And let our passions fiercely rage?
The lightning's flash our senses thrill,
The art of war we cultivate;
In Sunday-school we're taught to kill
The men we cannot subjugate.

When Nature's forces are at war
We view with horror the effects;
Sad tidings reach us from afar,
Great loss of life and dark prospects.
When men engage in fiendish strife
To satisfy vile selfish greed,
We do not value human life
Because, in truth, war is our creed.

Our God is gold, in it we trust,
It dominates the great and small;
The thirst for blood is born of lust,

Gross ignorance holds men in thrall.-
 With gold we buy the hero great,
 Whose instincts low excel in war;
 His vicious deeds we celebrate,
 His fame outshines the brightest star.

We see the halo round his head,
 To us it wears a golden hue,
 We do not see the fallen dead
 Lie rotting 'neath the dome of blue.
 Nations, like men, reap what they sow;
 Eternal justice never sleeps;
 When human blood like rivers flow
 The hand of fate the record keeps.

The man of blood we elevate,
 His fame outranks the pure and good;
 The right of might we advocate
 Above the ties of brotherhood.
 Ignorance deep and dark as night
 Enshrouds the people in its pall;
 Christ's spirit lingers in affright
 The Christians know him not at all.



WHEN THE SHADOWS FALL.



When the twilight shadows fall,
 And my daily cares are o'er,
 Smiling faces I recall,
 And the happy days of yore;
 When my youth was but a dream,
 Floating swiftly on life's tide,

Lightly as the bright sunbeam
Tints the ripples as they glide.

Years have passed, and in their train
Joys and sorrows I have met;
Happy smiles and tears of pain,
Pleasing thought and vain regret.
Loving friends have left my sight,
Safe within the mystic veil,
Living in a realm of light
Guarded by a phantom pale.

When I sit amidst the gloom,
Musing on the days of yore,
Silent people fill the room,
From the ever vernal shore.
I can feel the subtle touch
Of pure lips upon my face,
And I vainly try to clutch
Spirit forms of perfect grace.

Noiseless as fair Luna's light
Steals within the window pane,
Spirit forms and faces bright
Come to visit friends again.
They are always at our side,
Guarding us from earthly ill;
Forms of clay are laid aside
But the spirit's with us still.

MATRIMONIAL SNAGS.



He comes in fear as the light in her eyes
 Has a glare that will haunt him wherever he
 hies,
 And the tone of her voice cuts his heart like a
 knife,
 And his love dream is shattered in nonsensical
 strife.
 In the choicest of words she declares him a beast,
 And vows between sobs she will soon be released;
 And the cause of the glare in her dynamo eyes,
 Was her hubby's remarks finding hair in her pies.

In the depths of her eyes a dark future appears,
 And her beautiful nose is distorted by sneers,
 And her ripe, red lips, like a rose in full bloom,
 Makes him long for a rest in the dark silent
 tomb.
 When asleep in his dreams, fierce spectres he
 sees,
 And her mouth makes a noise like the droning
 of bees;
 All his nerves are unstrung by the clamor she
 makes,
 When he says they are sinkers she gives him for
 cakes.

The fierce glare in her eyes has striken him down,
And he shakes like a leaf when her face wears a
frown,
And he falls at her feet in fear and despair,
When she strikes with the poker and bids him
beware.

His life is a failure and his idol proves clay;—
She searches his pockets and squanders his pay;
The noise of her tongue has softened her brain,
And the stuff she calls bread keeps the stomach
in pain.

Oh, the flash and the glare in her dynamo eyes,
Outdazzle the lightnings that blaze in the skies;
And her tongue's noisy clatter in the stillness
of night,
Has unsettled his mind and his eyes roll in fright.
He drifts as a hulk in the ocean of life,
And was wrecked on the shoals of bickering and
strife.

This great truth I'll mention to husbands and
wives,
'Tis the useless fault-finding which embitter our
lives.

INHUMANITY.

—O—

I have seen a dismal cellar, where the sunbeams
 never peep,
 And the crumbling walls are slimy and the
 vermin never sleep;
 And the drainage pipe was broken and foul
 sewage flowed around
 A torn and rotten mattress that was spread up-
 on the ground,
 On which there lay a creature old and feeble
 uttering moans;
 His filthy rags quite insufficient to conceal his
 aching bones.
 I held the flickering candle closer the shrunken
 face to scan
 Of a worn-out honest toiler neglected by his
 fellow-man.

As the chill of death was upward creeping to
 still his fevered brain
 I sat listening to the ebbing of the water
 through the drain,
 And my musing fancies wandered to the sick
 man's youthful days
 When in childhood he was happy listening to
 his mother's lays.

And perchance in early manhood ere life's trials
 had began
He was building airy castles brighter than the
 rainbow's span;
Perhaps a wife with sunny smiles shed sunshine
 in his home,
And when she passed within the veil he was
 impelled to roam.

My musing fancies vanished, hearing footfalls
 drawing near,
And I watched the shadowy entrance for the
 form that would appear.
He is a homeless creature seeking shelter from
 the cold;
His feet are almost shoeless and his clothing
 scant and old.
He came to pass the night with the sick man
 passing o'er
From a living hell on earth to the ever vernal
 shore;
Where the poor are never plundered by a parasitic
 brood,
And the eternal justice reigns for the universal
 good.

We commented on the cellar and our brother's
 wretched state,
Of our selfish greed for riches breeding crimes
 and fiendish hate,
As we listened to the breathing of the semi-
 conscious soul
As he groped 'midst the shadows that obscure
 our common goal.

We could give him no assistance nor prolong his
 fleeting breath,
 Nor stay the icy fingers that imprint the seal of
 death;
 And the silence becoming oppressive we sought
 the noisy street
 And notified an officer we hap'ly chanced to meet.



LET US REASON TOGETHER.



It is really quite absurd to indulge in childish
 brawls
 When the cause is understood that on manhood
 loudly calls,
 We must veil our brilliant genius, there are
 others just as grand;
 Let us join in the procession if we cannot lead
 the band.
 It is principles we cherish, not ambition's phan-
 tom fame,
 For principles are changeless, though known by
 many names.
 Minds are just as various as the people on the
 earth,
 And we must unite in harmony to assist the
 newer birth.

Do not let us each imagine we are the great I
 am,
 Or the principles will vanish if we burrow like a
 clam;

Let us stop and think one moment how very
small we are—
Simply little specks of matter, developing under
nature's care,
Let us all be up and doing, principles always in
sight,
What seems wrong to many others in my mind,
perhaps, seems right.
Life is short, the journey toilsome, help your
weaker brother rise,
Don't waste time in childish wrangles, but press
on to gain the prize.



LABOR'S REWARD.

—o—

A cellar deep and black as night,
Where a guttering dip casts its flickering light
Is not a cheering or joyous sight
To greet the human eye.
Yet the dismal place of which I tell,
Filled with poisonous air and with musty smell,
Is a place where human creatures dwell
While awaiting the call to die.

A man and his wife whose forms are bent,
And whose earthly years are nearly spent,
For their living tomb must pay the rent,
For Gold reigns on the throne.
Those feeble forms with souls divine,
Whose loves and sorrows intertwine,
Are deprived by men of God's sunshine,
And are left to starve alone.

They are weak from want and ache with pains—
 Two poor starved creatures in poverty's chains,
 And the helpless victims of somebody's gains
 Whose dominant passion was greed.
 Their years of toil should have brought rest,
 With sunny homes, with abundance blessed,
 And by happy children be caressed
 Until their souls were freed.

This den is one of thousands more,
 For our wealthy cities are honeycombed o'er
 With homes like these for the honest poor,
 Shut off from the light of day.
 For the men who have toiled year after year,
 With a haunting dread that grim want was near,
 And will starve the wives and children dear
 When his strength has passed away.



BARRIERS SWEEP AWAY.

—o—

Yes, the women are advancing
 As the waves upon the shore,
 Sweeping past the ancient landmarks
 That bound her sphere in days of yore.
 Surging round the feeble barriers
 Raised by men on shifting sand,
 She has destroyed the false foundation
 And strewn the wrecks upon the strand.

The barriers down, she exults in freedom,
 And tests her powers so long restrained;
 Success has crowned her best endeavor,

And proves her worth to be sustained.
Soaring above on snowy pinions
Far, far above the starry dome,
She brings to man the priceless jewels
To make on earth a heavenly home.

She gains in freedom full fruition,
The hopes suppressed by jealous man,
And proves in truth she has a mission
As the co-equal of brother man.
She has ambition and excels in conquest,
And bears her honors with modest mein,
Her intuitions prove wise in council.
And will guide mankind to a higher plane.

She explores all realms with equal ardor,
And truths concealed she finds once more;
Her psychic powers bridge the stygian river,
That our vanished friends have traveled o'er;
The mystic veil her hand has lifted,
Her feet have trod the silvery strand,
And found old friends long since departed
From mother earth to that fair land.



INDIFFERENCE.



Have our eyes grown used to sorrow?
Have their fountains ceased to flow
For the many who must suffer
On life's journey here below?
Have we closed our eyes on horrors

That on every side abound,
Caused by greed of selfish shylocks
Who exact a pound for pound?

Have our ears grown used to groanings
From the lips of those oppressed?
Do we hear the sighs and moaning
Of the thousands in distress?
Have we heard sick children sobbing
For the hoped-for crumb of bread,
While they shivered 'neath the tatters
That made covering for their bed?

Have our souls no sense of justice
That such wrongs we tolerate?
Have we raised our voice in protest
That such crimes must all abate?
Have we taught our slower brother
The true ethics of Christ's plan,
That to make on earth a heaven
We must help our fellow-man?

Are we honest in our preaching?
Do we practice all we teach?
Do our arms protect the weaker
From the strong who over-reach?
When we act with equal justice,
And call forth the Christ in man,
We will form a force sufficient
To unite the race of man.

LABOR.

—o—

'Tis an honor to labor,
'Tis the secret of health,
'Tis the work of the toilers
That produces the wealth.
But the toilers are plundered
By our system so vile,
It gives to the sluggards,
The fruits of all toil.

'Tis a pleasure to labor
And produce all you need
When not robbed by the farmer
Who sowed not the seed.
He will take all the harvest
You have toiled for in vain
And will give you the chaff
But will take all the grain.

'Tis a blessing to labor
For man and for beast,
To bring forth in abundance
That all creatures may feast,
But the acts of the sluggard,
Like the wolf in the fold,
Sucks the life-giving blood
Of the young and the old.

'Tis our duty to labor,
 And our life to sustain;
 'Tis a God-given right
 On our mother's domain.
 And the sluggard must toil
 To earn his own bread,
 Or the vengeance of justice
 Will recoil on his head.



BROTHERHOOD.



As links in the chain
 And leaves on the vine
 We must each other sustain
 In life's drama divine.
 Each soul has a mission
 In Dame Nature's great plan,
 To assist in uplifting
 The whole race of man.

As the roots and the branches
 Are parts of the tree
 So each soul is a member
 Of our vast family.
 Though our goal is far distant
 And enshrouded in night,
 We will each see its glimmer
 If our actions are right.

ORGANIZATION.

—o—

Workman, spare the trust,
Restrain thy frantic cries;
Our foolish anger is unjust
To the men who organize.
The Trust is Reason's child,
Destined to lead the way,
Through storms and tempests wild,
It's march we cannot stay.

Its birth, too long delayed,
We hail as fruitful days;
It will stay the hydra head
Of vile unordered ways.
It has slept through ares of time,
Evolved thro' systems crude,
Its beginnings all divine
And harbinger of good.

Its limits will expand,
As ignorance fades away;
Be ours the guiding hand,
With knowledge lead the way.
Within us lies the power
To set the whole race free;
Go grasp thy earthly dower,
And lift humanity.

'Tis narrow love now rules,
 And Ego owns the throne;
 Our ignorance makes us fools,
 In Pluto's grasp to groan.
 Forward the coming trust,
 Which will include all men;
 Let every act be just,
 Crowned with love's diadem.



"AS IT IS TO BE."



On a summer eve and the waning sun,
 Proclaimed my daily toil was done,
 I found a cool and safe retreat
 And sat and mused o'er memories sweet.
 And while I mused, the twilight fell
 And charmed me with its subtle spell,
 And as the shadows began to creep
 In the mystic realm, I dropped to sleep.

And while I slept, my wondering eyes
 Saw the earth transforming into paradise;
 Not in the twinkling of a human eye,
 Nor as flash the lightning athwart the sky,
 But slowly changing as the shades of night
 Merge in the gray of the dawning light,
 And the golden rays of the rising sun
 Paints in rainbow tints the horizon.

And I saw mankind as an endless chain,
 Rising out of the deep to the highest plane,

And each human link was a soul divine,
Born of the spirit of the living vine.
And the love imprisoned within each soul
Burst the selfish bars of its fleshly goal,
And found expression full and free
In the greater love of humanity.

And mankind advanced as true love increased,
The wrongs were righted and the slaves released,
And the dismal clouds that veiled life's way,
By the power of love were rolled away,
And the fear of death and the love of gold
Were ghosts of the past in legends told.
Of a heaven on earth I saw a gleam,
While I lay asleep in a beautiful dream.



LOVE THY MOTHER.



Be kind to thy mother
When her hair has grown white;
She may leave you to-morrow,
Or may pass out to-night.
Though her footsteps may falter
As you help her along,
Let your actions be gentle,
And your words be a song.

Be kind to thy mother,
As the shadows creep near,
While you still have the power,
Fill her fond heart with cheer;
Smooth her care-wrinkled brow

With a loving caress,
It will gladden her heart,
In her frail helplessness.

When her journey is ended,
If your actions are vile,
Your regrets will prove vain
And will shadow each smile.
When she enters the portals
Where old friends meet once more,
'Tis her kiss that first greets you
On that beautiful shore.



IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?



Is life worth living? people ask,
Who live within themselves alone,
It is in truth a weary task
When love for others is unknown.
Within our selfishness to dwell,
To human goodness bar the door,
To happiness we bid farewell,
Until we love our brothers more.

Ope wide the door, remove the bar,
Love sleeps within the human heart,
Let it shine forth bright as a star,
Of the vast whole it forms a part.
It radiates deific rays;
Its spirit truly is divine.
The grieving soul it fills with praise,
To human life it is sunshine.

It animates the dormant seeds,
It scents the air with fragrance sweet,
It multiplies the kindly deeds,
It smooths the way for weary feet,
It rivals flowers in their bloom,
It lifts the fallen when they stray,
It dissipates the mist and gloom,
Like the great orb that rules the day.

Breathe forth thy love to all mankind,
If thou wilt make thy life sublime;
Stretch forth thy hand to lead the blind,
Assist the weak to upward climb.
So wilt thou find thy life is real,
In doing good find happiness,
Make for thyself a high ideal,
So will thy spirit e'er progress.



THE TRAMP.

—o—

Here I will lie upon the grass
Beneath the shade of sheltering trees,
Unseen by people who perchance will pass.
My wearied limbs will be at ease.
Could a child distressed find a kinder spot
Than a mother's bosom to rest his head?
A homeless tramp, by friends forgot,
I'll soon be numbered with the dead.

My strength is waning day by day,
And hunger at my vitals gnaw;
My feet have trod the narrow way

And I've obeyed the moral law.
I might have been a wily knave,
And filched the window's cruse of oil,
Or made a fellow man my slave
And lived refined upon his toil.

I might have been a sneaking thief—
Worn jewels rare and raiment fine;
Of shams and parasites the chief,
And boon companions drink my wine.
But I preferred to earn my bread,
And slaved from dawn to set of sun—
A pauper grave when I am dead
Is my reward for labor done.

Work, said the rich, brings sweet content;
And those who toil by heaven are blest.
We drones allow them ten per cent
Of what they earn; we steal the rest.
To what country have the poor a right?
What use to us your power and gold?
Establish justice on the throne of right,
And bring all men within its fold.



TRUTH.



Truth crushed to earth; nay 'tis not true,
As easily crush the rising sun
As it glides in splendor the horizon
And illumines the zenith blue;
And number the stars that brightly shine

Throughout the boundless stellar space
And of the maker find a trace
For Truth is the divine.
Truth crushed to earth? the words are vain!
As easily chain the lightning's flash
And hush the thunder's booming crash
And stay the falling rain,
And still the waves on restless sea,
And stay the mighty ocean's flow,
And lull the wind in hurricane blow,
For truth is always free.
Truth is not crushed nor can it be;
Nor does it fade as the sunset glow
From the truthseekers here below
Who love humanity.



WHY?



Why should a poet inspired by truth.
Paint in rosy tints of the rising sun
Wars, murderous deeds on the horizon
A vile frontispiece for aspiring youth,
Degrading young souls with the battle ruth
Inculcating fondness for sword and gun
And offering thanks for vile murder done.
Fulfilling the law of a tooth for a tooth,
Men have evolved a noble ideal,
And will lift mankind to a higher plane
And build men closer in true brotherhood.
It is uniting for the common weal
To make a heaven on nature's domain,
Eliminating all the base and crude.

OUR CREED.

—o—

Our creed is long, and deep, and wide
 Ample to hold the human race;
 Within its fold all men abide,
 And find a cheerful resting place.
 We do not ask to know your creed,
 Our spirits are the same we know,
 For liberty we only plead,
 To the same goal we shall all go.

In brotherhood we do believe,
 Mankind are one vast family;
 There is no devil to deceive,
 God's spirit in humanity.
 The God we have may not be thine,
 Nor at His shrine you bend your knee;
 The God you love may not be mine,
 And the clear light we both may see.

We believe all life eternal,
 Emanations of the divine;
 To progress in spheres supernal,
 Ever seeking the parent vine.
 We believe in deeds of kindness,
 In the generous helping hand;
 In our ignorance and blindness,
 Life's mission we don't understand.

We believe naught is forgiven.
We shall harvest the seed we sow;
Hope and faith our lives enliven,
They do not pay the debts we owe,
We believe mankind are growing,
We find no truth in Adam's fall;
Love's unfailing fount is flowing,
We shall all answer the roll call.



HIS ROYAL NIBS.

—o—

This grand old ball was spinning,
Ere Satan won his inning,
To roam at large upon the earth,
In captivating guise;
In heaven he was fretting,
More wicked he was getting
Until the Lord in self-defense
Drove him from paradise.

Satan's power is greater,
Than the Divine Creator,
If we believe the holy men
Who say they have a call,
To advocate salvation,
To free men from damnation,
To the multitudes of people
Whose reasoning is small.

The Devil keeps men grumbling,
Old creeds are daily crumbling,

We are growing atheistic
 The holy men declare.
 Men are too fond of dancing,
 The music's too entrancing,
 We are in the Devil's clutches,
 They warn us to beware.

The priests and parsons banded,
 His royal nibs has branded,
 As the most industrious worker
 Upon this earthly plane.
 His voice is so beguiling,
 In spite of all reviling,
 The people are his willing slaves,
 Some happiness to gain.



WE ARE THE MASTER OF OUR FATE.



Cease thy repining at fortune,
 Do not cast thy blunders on fate;
 We make our good or ill fortune,
 Man is superior to fate.
 The present we fritter away,
 Time wasted we cannot recall;
 We neglect the chance of today,
 With the hope a greater will call.

Our social conditions are crude,
 Men live on the animal plane;
 Our manners and methods are rude,
 Gold governs instead of the brain.

We worship the great golden calf,
Its influence is to enslave;
The poor are scattered like chaff
At the will of a wealthy knave.

This is a material age,
The spirit of greed has control;
The amount of wealth is the gauge,
'Tis not the unfoldment of soul.
The toilers are waiting for food,
Vile parasites breed foul disease;
Like vampires they suck the life-blood
Until death the victims release.

Why have conditions such as these?
My worthy friend, 'tis up to you;
Why permit thieves to live at ease,
Who steal our rights and childrens' too.
The man of God says, "be content,
The things of earth are worthless dross;
We must subdue our discontent,
God made the poor to bear a cross."

When superstition rears its head,
The simple masses can't progress;
The old calf path the parsons tread,
Will keep them in the wilderness.
Mankind must learn to use their brain,
Not place their faith in teachers blind;
To change conditions will be vain,
When childish myths control the mind.

WHAT WE BELIEVE.



We believe in life eternal,
 In a sphere of love supernal,
 When we cross the mystic river,
 To that ever vernal shore.
 In progression never ending,
 Aspirations high ascending,
 To the author of all being,
 Who in spirit we adore.

We shall meet with loving greeting,
 Mothers with their children meeting,
 When we pass within the portal
 That is always open wide.
 In that mystic realm abiding,
 Loving spirits will be guiding
 Us to higher planes of action,
 Where great spirits will preside.

We believe there's naught infernal;
 Mortals know but the external;
 Until we enter spirit life
 We are children of the earth.
 In the spirit world eternal,
 We shall live in the internal
 And shall realize the meaning
 Of the spiritual birth.

We believe pure aspiration
 Will beget illumination,
 When we are in full harmony
 To receive the higher thought.
 We believe in evolution
 As the only true solution
 Of the many subtle problems
 By the laws of Nature wrought.



OUR GOD IS LOVE.

—o—

'Tis a God of Love to whom I pray,
 He guides my footsteps lest I stray;
 While I remain on this earthly sphere,
 Harrassed by priests and creedal fear.
 To loving father my thoughts ascend,
 His boundless love to all extend;
 To the God of Love I bend my knee,
 The father of humanity.

No superstition poisons my mind,
 No fossil dogmas keep me blind;
 No man-made God is my ideal,
 Aspiring spirit senses the real.
 The priests and parsons who rule mankind,
 Have not the light to guide the blind;
 To keep enslaved humanity,
 They form a fiendish deity.

The God of Love no hatred knows,
 The fount of love forever flows;

The thirsting soul can always drink,
The stream still flows beyond the brink.
Death does not snap life's subtle thread,
The universe contains no dead;
Infinite Love is Deity,
The savior of humanity.



BROTHERS OF HUMANITY.



Brothers of the mystic shrine,
Let the love within you shine;
Brighter than the glowing sun,
Let it gild the horizon.
Boundless as the dome of blue,
Clearer than the crystal dew;
Like the great All Seeing Eye,
Love divine will never die.

Have the mystic letter G,
Graven in thy memory;
'Tis the symbol of the good,
Animating brotherhood.
Let its radiance illumine,
Spirit life beyond the tomb;
Let it be our guiding star,
To the gate that stands ajar.

Brothers seek the truth to find,
Let the square impress your mind;
Let thy acts be kind and just,
In the spirit place thy trust.

It is part of the divine,
Clinging to the parent vine;
Thru unfoldment it will rise,
To enjoy love's paradise.

Symbols, signs and tokens teach,
Better than weak words of speech;
Through the ages since the dawn,
Mystic symbols have been worn
By great men in every clime,
To impress the truth sublime.
Men who seek the greatest good,
Find it in true brotherhood.



MATERNAL LOVE.



Who can fathom a mother's love,
To know how far its rays extend;
Measureless as the sky above,
Beyond man's mind to apprehend.
Its subtle influence men feel,
Surpassing glory of the Sun;
The shrine of shrines at which men kneel,
Of man's ideals the perfect one.

Its magnetism attracts the soul,
Beyond man's power to resist;
It lifts man to a higher goal,
Above the veil of earthly mist.
It is to life the bright sunshine,
It gleams beyond the gate ajar;

Its sweetness is of the divine,
It is to man a guiding star.

From birth to death her love illumines,
The path thro' life our feet should tread;
Her atmosphere like sweet perfumes,
Survives the form when it is dead.
We sense it when her spirit's near,
To comfort us when in distress;
Altho' she lives in spirit sphere,
She oft returns our lives to bless.



FRIEND JOE.

—o—

Thou art gone from our sight, we cannot be-
hold thee,
In the realm of light spirit friends now enfold
thee.
Thou hast faded away in the dawn of thy
bloom;
The earth form we have loved now rests in the
tomb.
Our hearts are bowed down in sadness and
sorrow,
But time, the physician will heal us tomorrow.
Thou art gone from our sight, but thy spirit is
here;
In the silence of night thy dear presence brings
cheer.

Thou hast faded away in the pride of thy
youth;

Thy dear spirit was fearless when searching for truth.

In the realm of spirit you will learn to progress;
To the dear ones on earth you will bring happiness.

Your dear spirit is with us although it's unseen,
For the veil has been lifted that acts as a screen.
The gate stands ajar thro' which freed spirits ascend.

And spirit instructors teach the way to descend.

The day brings no sunshine to enliven the gloom,
E'en the flowers look faded in zenith of bloom.
We list for thy footfalls when evening draws nigh,

For we miss you so sadly we just have to cry.
Dear one thou art present, thy sweet spirit we feel,

But because we can't see you it does not seem real.

In the still hours of night when asleep in my bed,

We commune in sweet dreams and I know you're not dead.

ANNIE.

—O—

A slender form of perfect grace,
Beyond the artist's skill to trace
The truest figure of the race
To my fond eyes.

Her cheeks, the color of the rose
When the soft wind of springtime blows,
Chaste as the winter's crystal snows
When autumn dies.

Her smiling eyes are gray of hue,
Changing oftentimes to azure blue,
Glistening like the morning dew
After sunrise.

Her perfect lips form Cupid's bow,
Carnation color when in blow
Concealing teeth as white as snow,
Even and true.

Soft, glossy hair of chestnut brown,
More beautiful than golden crown,
Forms flossy vail when hanging down,
And hides from view.

The dearest wife upon this plane,
Who leads me with a silken chain,
Until our time on earth shall wane,
And life renew.



MAN IS A GOD.



Silently falls eve's mantle gray,
After the sun's descending ray
Sinks 'neath the glowing horizon,
Denoting that the day is done.
The mantle in gray deepens in hue,
The whirling worlds roll into view,
Luna's bright face, the queen of night,
Reflects on earth the Sun-god's light.
The human spirit like the sun
Illumes our mental horizon.
It animates our form of clay,
Unfolding slowly day by day.
Its transformations form a chain,
Each link one step to higher plane.
Man is a spirit on this earth,
He is the same after new birth.
The inspired seers clearly saw
Endless progression is the law.
To spheres of light man will attain;
Soul-consciousness he will retain;
Ever seeking an ideal goal;
No limitations bound the soul;
No obstacle to bar his rise;
He is a god in paradise.

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND.

—o—

My warmest friend, tho, old and torn
 By constant wear in wintry blasts;
 Without thy aid I feel forlorn,
 Although thy brightest days are past.
 How cold the day when first we met
 And we agreed to wear together—
 Your glossy nap was black as jet,
 But has turned gray by stress of weather.

How proud I felt within thine arms,
 How warm within thy sheltering fold;
 The blustering storms enhanced thy charms,
 Enwrapped in thee I spurned the cold.
 How often in the stillly night
 We zigzagged neath the starry sky—
 Across my breast you were drawn tight,
 And I was tight on good old rye.

And when the wintry days were gone
 And gentle spring began to reign,
 I pawned thee with old Solomon,
 Although the parting gave me pain.
 His care of thee has cost me dear—
 His lowest rate was cent for cent—
 Excuse these silent, bitter tears,
 I know your usefulness is spent.

Our comradeship will soon be o'er—
 A ragman's bag will shelter thee—
 A friend like thee I'll find no more,
 To shelter and to comfort me.
 Perchance in time you'll be renewed,
 And live again in broadcloth fine,
 The treasure of some silly dude,
 So fare thee well, old coat of mine.



REMEMBER ME.

—o—

Dear Lord I do the best I can,
 My brother man to beat;
 And as success attends my plan,
 I corner all the wheat.
 You know my pious thoughts will fly
 To where my treasure be,
 And when I pass from low to high,
 Dear Lord remember me.

I love to rob the working man,
 To cut his wages down;
 In pious cant I'm in the van,
 On happiness I frown.
 The many widows I've made mourn,
 In wretched misery;
 The helpless children made forlorn
 By my cupidity.

I freely give to churches fine,
 The ten per cent. they ask;

My path in life is all sunshine,
 In fortune's smile I bask.
 The world's an oyster, great men say,
 To him who has the key,
 And I grow richer day by day
 Robbing humanity.

I dearly love salvation's plan,
 'Tis easy to believe;—
 To kill and rob the weaker man,
 Full pardon to receive.
 To blight the lives of men unborn,
 Good people think it right,
 The first to hear Gabriel's horn
 Will be a parasite.



SEEK FOR THE LIGHT.



When we sense the inner light,
 It will guide our life aright,
 Thro' the darkness of the night,
 Into day.

We will comfort find and peace,
 Discontent and discord cease,
 'Till our spirit finds release
 From the clay.

We will aid mankind to rise,
 In fulfilling love's sweet ties,—
 The good in life never dies,
 Nor fades away.

Let no obstacle debar,
Don't obscure love's guiding star,
'Till we pass the gate ajar,
 To higher sphere.

Smooth life's journey to the gate,
Man is master of his fate,
Born to rise to higher state,
 Over there.

Let the sunshine in thy breast
Shed sweet comfort, peace and rest,
Over weary souls oppressed
 By life's woes.

Mother Earth is not our home,
Spheres above the starry dome,
In spirit life we shall roam,
 To progress.

To grander spheres man will rise
In his quest for paradise,—
Human spirit never dies;
 It is divine.

Germes of the great over-soul,
Finite parts of the vast whole,
Human spirits reach one goal,
 Man is God.

MEMORY.

—o—

Deep within our conscious soul,
 Faded pictures flash and gleam;
 When we trace time's mystic scroll,
 Things appear as in a dream.
 Noiseless footsteps we can hear,
 As they patter on the floor;—
 Children's voices sweet and clear,
 Voices heard on earth no more.

Smiling faces reappear,
 Thro' the mist of long ago;
 We can feel their presence near,
 Though their forms are lying low.
 Clinging fingers clasp our knee,
 As they did in years gone by;
 Feeling happy as can be,
 Moisture dims our smiling eye.

Little forms around us play
 Happy laughter fills the room;
 Tiny buds death took away,
 To the realm of vernal bloom.
 In our arms a little tot,
 Rests its head upon our breast;
 Transient sorrows are forgot,
 Dreamland brings such perfect rest.

In the stillness of the night,
When sweet slumber seals our eyes;
Spirits in the realm of light,
Show us gleams of paradise.
We commune with spirit friends,
On that bright eternal shore;
Human aspiration rends,
The veil which ignorance wore.



OUR PATHWAY.



Let us plant the sweetest flowers,
By the wayside as we pass;
They will fill the air with sweetness,
When we lie below the grass.
They will pleasure give to others,
Who are weary with life's pain;
Let us help each other onward,
For we do not come again.

Let us light our earthly pathway,
With the love that is divine;
Making dismal night like noonday,
For my brother's woes are mine.
We are children climbing upward,
Those who fall lift up again;
Truth and love always our watchword,
For we do not come again.

Earthly life has many sorrows,
Tender eyes are moist with tears;
Sunshine today, storm tomorrow,

As we live through weary years.
 Cheering words will make life brighter,
 What we give we will regain;
 Smooth the way, make burdens lighter,
 For we do not come again.



OUR SHARE.



We have our share of smiles and frowns,
 Like any other man;
 Sometimes we rise, then we fall down,
 No matter how we plan.
 We often try to reach the crest,
 A clearer view to gain;
 But like the fledgling in the nest,
 Our wings won't bear the strain.

Sometimes we have bright sunny days,
 And life is like a song;
 Then sorrow in its mantle gray
 Comes hurrying along.
 The friends we love pass one by one
 Across the great divide;
 Although beyond our horizon,
 They linger at our side.

We have not won a laurel wreath,
 Nor found the smile of fame;
 Nor to posterity bequeath
 Aught but an humble name.
 The mountain top we did not climb,

We crept along its base,
And tried to teach the truth sublime,
Love saves the human race.



CHARITY.

—O—

Spurn not the, erring, man is weak,
No soul is perfect on this plane;
The unkind thought we do not speak,
Vibrates upon the subtle brain.
The soul is sensitive and feels
The glow of love, the chill of hate;
The soul when conscious of the real,
Will aspire to the higher state.

Mortals are frail, with many flaws,
Perfection here none will attain.
Man is subject to Nature's laws,—
A link in Nature's endless chain.
None are so pure but mercy need,
None are so strong but sometimes fall;
This truth sublime we must all heed,
If one soul rise so shall we all.

A rose won't bloom amidst the stress
Of Nature's elements at war;
A human soul cannot progress,
When vile conditions form a bar;
Shed forth the sunshine in your soul,
Diffuse the love within your heart,
To lift mankind to higher goal;
Each soul must do its utmost part.

JOHN RUSKIN.

—O—

A human life, bright as a star,
Has passed within the gate ajar
To shine resplendent in higher spheres,
Amidst the sages and the seers.
His life has passed from mortal sight,
But leaves a halo of radiant light
That shines above the mountain crest—
A star of hope for the oppressed.

His life was like the sunny ray
That emanates from the God of day,
Flooding the earth with bright sunshine
From golden thread of truth divine;
That will not fade, but will brighter glow,
As the endless years will come and go—
Guiding the race to a higher plane,
Than the love of gold for selfish gain.

His life has passed from our mortal ken,
But will live immortal in the souls of men;
And grow in power, like the crystal streams,
That flash and shimmer where the sunlight
gleams.

As they glide along amidst the brakes
Growing in force from the many intakes,
And sweeping aside great rocks and trees,
Gain perfect equality in the measureless seas.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.



Nobody knows the weary cares,
The many trials which she bears,
Hidden behind the smile she wears,
Nobody knows but mother.

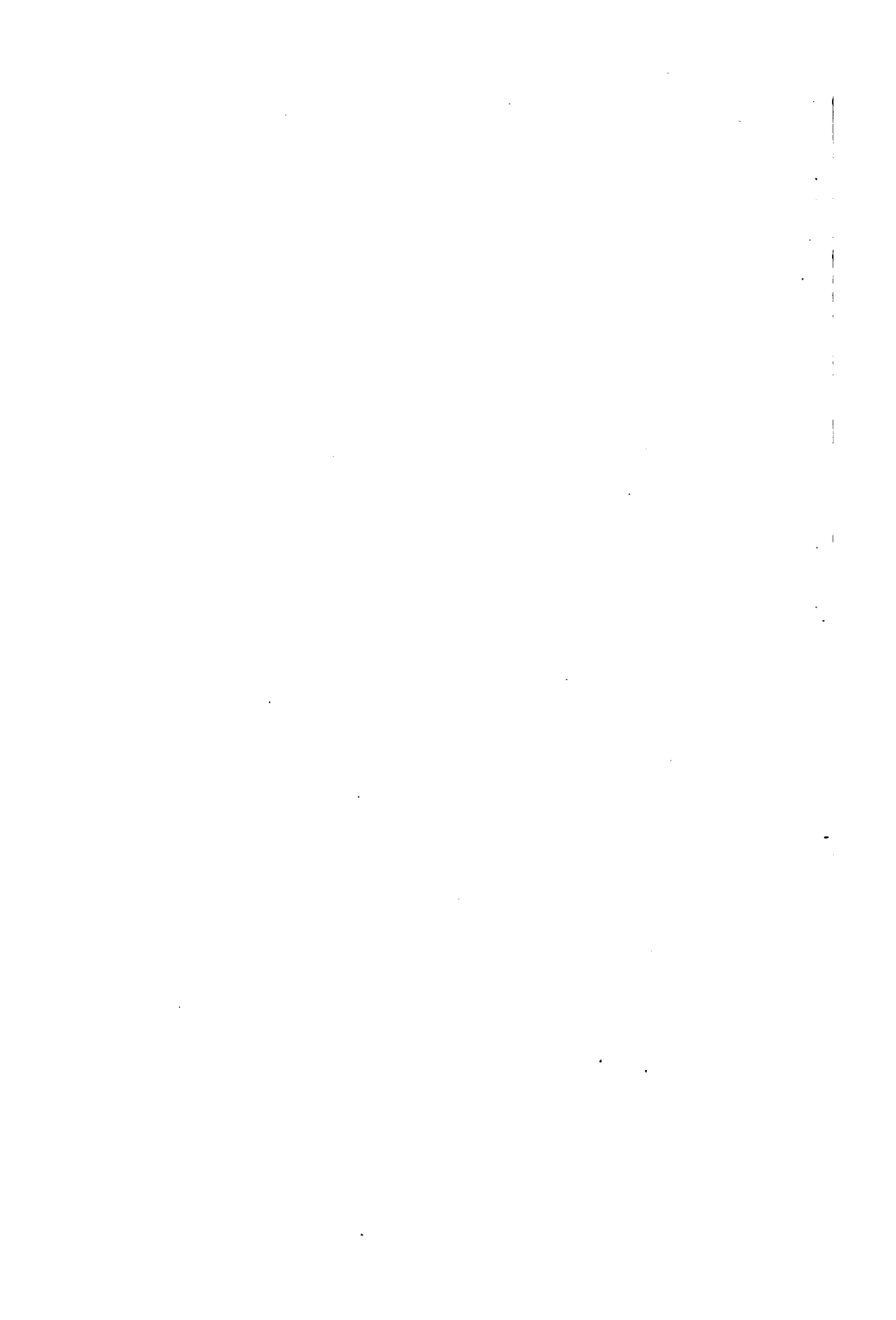
Nobody knows the hopes and fears,
The lonely hours, the silent tears,
The faith that lasts thruout the years,
Nobody knows but mother.

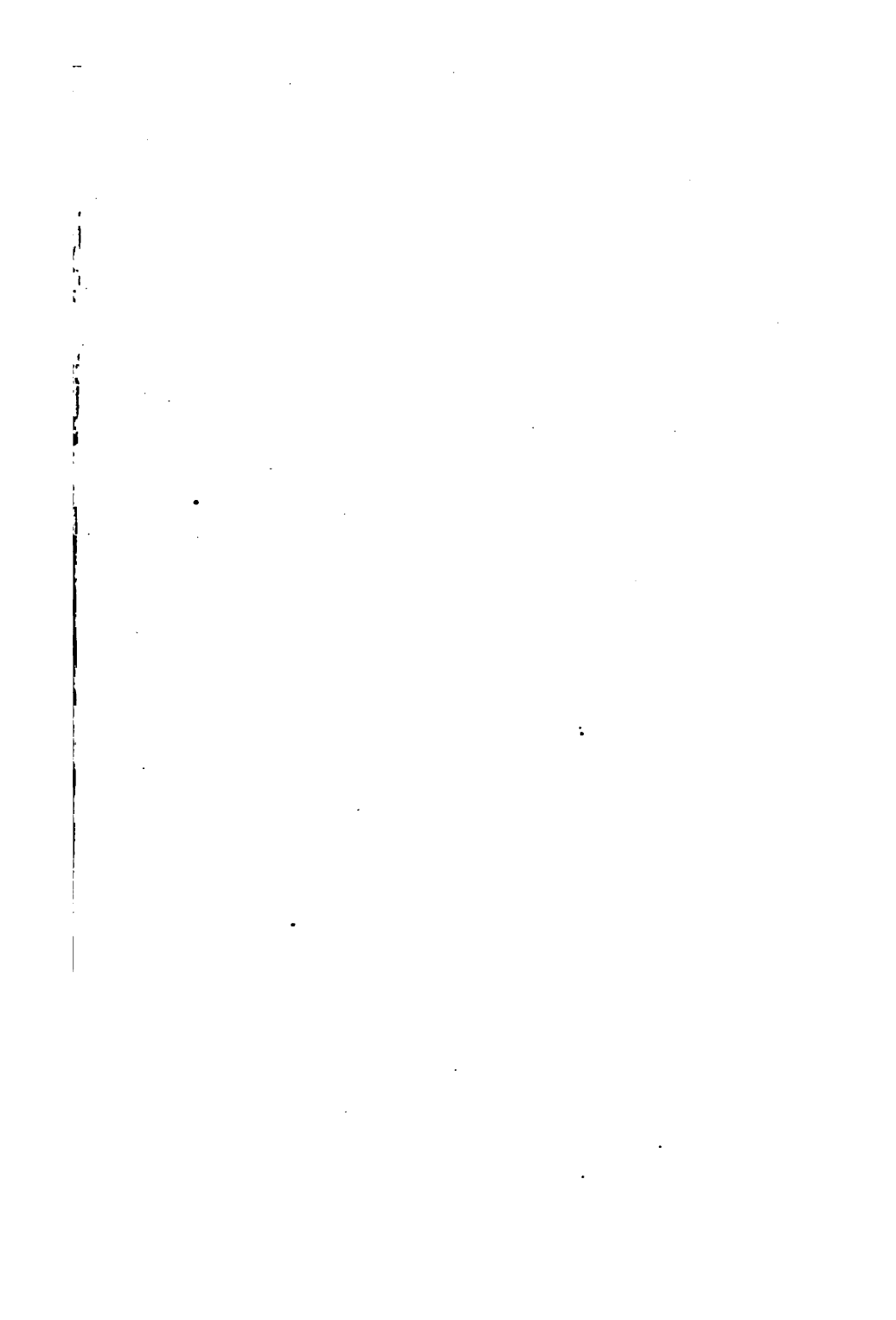
Nobody knows how deep the blight,
When death came like a thief at night
And stole her baby from her sight,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows how deep she wept,
When silently she often crept
To know if baby only slept,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows the mental strain,
The throbbing heart, the aching brain,
When baby would not wake again,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows the grief she bore,
 In her fond heart how deep the sore,
 To be forgotten nevermore,
 Nobody knows but mother.







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